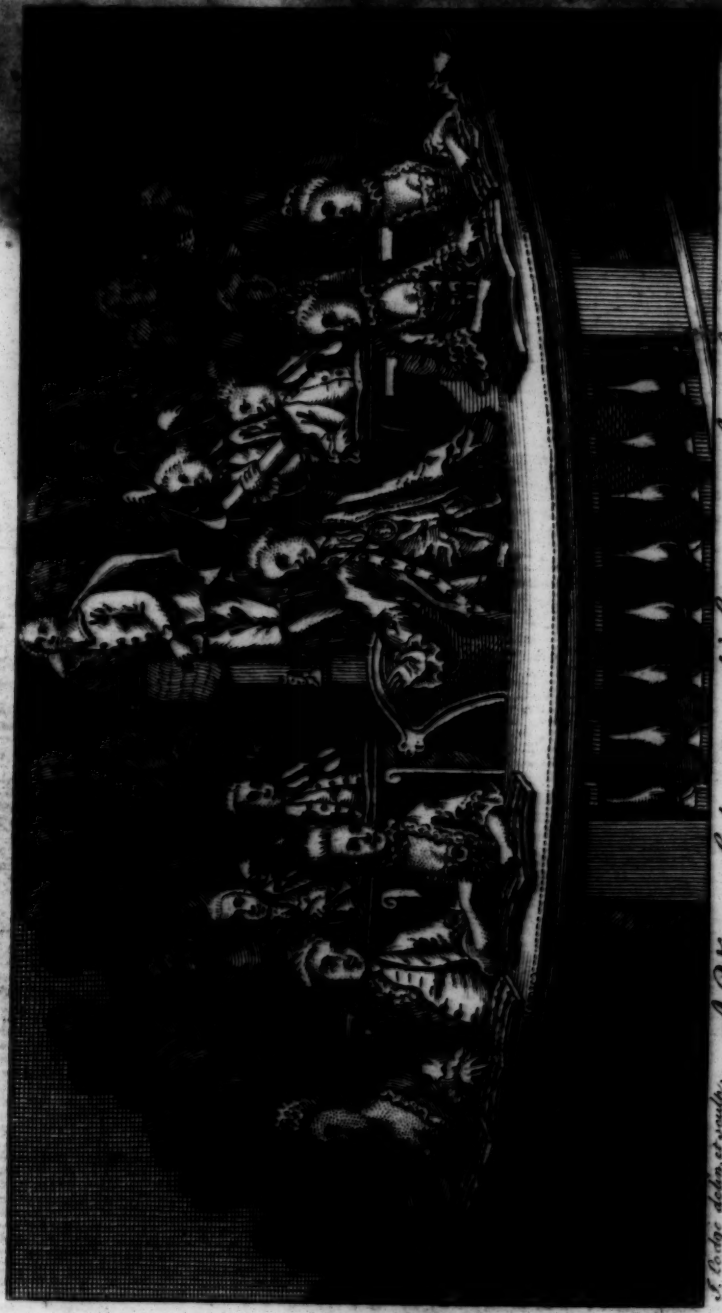




J. Lodge delin. et sculp. A. R. King of the Great Britain and Ireland

**THE
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OR
JUBILEE SONGSTER,**

CONSISTING

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H

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THE
DRAMATIC MUSE;
OR
JUBILEE SONGSTER.



SHAKESPEARE.

SONG I.

Sung by Mrs. Scott in the Tempest.

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kist
The wild waves whitt:
Foot it feattly here and there, and sweet sprights
the burthen bear.
Hark, hark, bough wough; the watch dogs
bark, bough-wough.
Hark, hark, I hear the strain of Chanticleere,
cry cock a diddle-do.

B

SONG

S O N G II.

Sung by Mrs. Scott in the Tempest.

FULL fathom five, thy father lies,
 Of his bones are coral made :
 Those are pearls that were his eyes,
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea change,
 Into something rich and strange :
 Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell,
 Hark now I hear them, ding, dong, bell.

S O N G III.

Sung by Mrs. Scott in the Tempest.

WHILE here you snoring lie
 Open-eyed conspiracy,
 His time doth take :
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber and beware.
 Awake, awake.

S O N G IV.

Sung by Mrs. Dorman in the Tempest.

HONOUR, riches, marriage, blessing,
 Long continuance, and encreasing,
 Hourly joys be still upon you,
 Juno sings her blessings on you :

Earth

Earths increase, and foyron plenty,
 Barns and garner's never empty,
 Vines, with clust'ring branches growing,
 Plants, with goodly burthen bowing :
 Spring come to you at the farthest,
 In the very end of harvest :
 Scarcity and want shall shun you,
 Ceres blessing so is on you.

S O N G V.

Sung by Mrs. Scott in the Tempest.

WHERE the bee sucks there lurk I ;
 In a cowslips bell I lie :
 There I crouch when owls do cry ;
 On the bat's back do I fly,
 After sun-set merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

S O N G VI.

In the Two Gentlemen of Verona:

WH O is Sylvia ? what is she ?
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she,
 The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness :
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
 And being help'd inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
 That Sylvia is excelling ;
 She excells each mortal thing,
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :
 To her let us garlands bring.

SONG VII.

In Measure for Measure.

TAKE. oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn,
 And those eyes ; the break of day,
 Light that do mislead the morn ;
 But my kisses bring again, bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

SONG VIII.

In Much ado about Nothing.

SIGH no more ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever ;
 One foot in sea and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never :
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe,
 Into hey, nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more ;
 Of dumps so dull and heavy.
 The fraud of men were ever so,
 Since summer first was leafy.
 Then sigh not so, &c.

SONG

SONG IX.

In Love's Labour Lost.

SUMMER.

WHEN daisies pied, and violet blue,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady smocks, all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married man, for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo! cuckoo! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to the married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks;
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
 The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married man; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo! cuckoo! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

WINTER.

When icicles hangs on the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail:
 When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl;
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, tu-whit-tu whoo, a merry,
 merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parsons' law,
 And birds fit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw :
 Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 And nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry, merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

S O N G X.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in The Fairy Tale.

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near the Fairy Queen.
 Philomel, with melody
 Sing in your sweet lullaby,
 Neither harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come the fairy's pillow nigh,
 So good-night with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
 Hence, ye long-legg'd spinners, hence ;
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence ;
 Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in your sweet, &c.

S O N G XI.

In the Midsummer Night's Dream.

NOW until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy stay,

To

To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be;
 And the issue there create,
 Shall be ever fortunate :
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true and loving be ;
 And the blots in Nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand ;
 Nor mole, hare-lip, nor any scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Ev'ry fairy take his gate,
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace with sweet peace,
 Ever shall in safety rest
 And the owner of it blest.
 Trip away, make no stay,
 Meet me all by break of day.

S O N G XII.

In the Merchant of Venice.

TELL me, where is Fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head ;
 How begot, how nourished ?

Reply, reply.

'Tis engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed, and Fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies:

Let us all ring Fancy's knell,
 Ding, dong, bell.

S O N G

S O N G XIII.

In As you like it. By Mr. Fawcett.

UNDER the greenhood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat;
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,
 Here shall he see no enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to lie i'th'sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets;
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,
 Here shall he see no enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

S O N G XIV. *In As you like it.*

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind,
 Thou art not so unkind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude:
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Altho' thy breath be rude,
 Altho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,
 As benefits forgot:

Tho'

Tho' thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 Tho' thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friends remember'd not.
 As friends remember'd not.

S O N G X V .

In As you like it.

WHAT shall he have that kill'd the deer?
 His leather-skin and horns to wear,
 Then sing him home, this rest shall bear this
 burthen;
 Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,
 It was a crest ere thou wast born,
 Thy father's father wore it,
 And thy father bore it;
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

S O N G X V I .

In As you like it.

WEdding is great Juno's crown,
 O blessed bond of board and bed;
 'Tis Hymen people's every town,
 High wedlock then be honoured:
 Honour, high honour and renown
 To Hymen, god of ev'ry town.

S O N G

SONG XVII.

In HARRY THE EIGHTH.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing;
 To his music, plants and flowers
 Ever spring, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
 E'en the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by;
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care, and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or hearing die.

SONG XVIII.

In Cymbeline:

HARK, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs,
 On chalic'd flow'rs that lies:
 And winking Mary-buds begin to ope
 Their golden eyes
 With every thing that pretty is, my lady-sweet
 arise,
 Arise, arise.

SONG

S O N G X I X .

The Words from Shakespeare. Sung at Ranelagh.

C O M E, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountain yields :
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 Near shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, with a girdle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;
 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

Fur-lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold ;
 A belt of straw with ivy buds,
 And coral clasps, and silver studs :
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May-morning ;
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

S O N G

S O N G XX.

*The MORNING ADDRESS to the LADIES,
At the Jubilee in Honour of the Birth-Day of
Shakespeare.*

LET beauty with the sun arise,
To Shakespeare tribute pay,
With heavenly smiles and sparkling eyes,
Give lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name,
What face shall dare to frown?
Not envy's self can blast the fame,
Which beauty deigns to crown.

S O N G XXI.

WARWICKSHIRE. *By Mr. G——.*

YE Warwickshire lads, and ye lasses,
See what at our Jubilee passes,
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad,
Warwickshire lad,
All be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where nature has lavish'd her bounty,
Where much she has given; and some to be
spar'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard,
Warwickshire bard,
Never pair'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard.
Each

Each shire has its different pleasures,
 Each shire has its different treasures ;
 But to rare Warwickshire they all must submit,
 For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire wit,
 Warwickshire wit,
 How he writ !
 For the wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire wit.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
 And half a score more we take pride in,
 Of famous Will Congreve, we boast too the skill,
 But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire
 Will,
 Warwickshire Will,
 Matchless still,
 For the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire
 Will.

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman ;
 Their swans are all geese, to the Avon's sweet
 swan,
 And the man of all men, was a Warwickshire
 man.
 Warwickshire man,
 Avon's swan,
 And the man of all men, was a Warwickshire
 man.

As ven'son is very inviting,
 To steal it he took great delight in,
 To make his friends merry he never was lag,
 And the wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire wag,
 Warwickshire wag,
 Ever brag,
 For the wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire wag.

There never was seen such a creature,
Of all she was worth, he robb'd nature;
He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
And the thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire
thief.

Warwickshire thief,
He's the chief,
For the thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire
thief.

S O N G XXII.

Chorus from the Church.

THIS is the day, a holliday! a holliday!
Drive spleen and rancour far away.
This is the day, a holliday! a holliday!
Drive care and sorrow far away.

Here Nature nurs'd her darling boy,
From whom all care and sorrow fly,
Whose harp the Muses strung;
From heart to heart, let joy rebound,
Now, now, we tread enchanted ground,
Here Shakespeare walk'd and sung!

S O N G XXIII.

SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY-TREE.

Sung with a Cup in his Hand made of the Tree.

By Mr. G——.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from
the tree,
Which, O my sweet Shakespeare, was planted
by thee;

As

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree,

Bend to thee,

Blest Mulberry,

Matchless was he

Who planted thee,

And thou like him immortal be!

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round their branches, whose heads
sweep the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here
To root out the natives, at prices so dear,

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our
coast;

But of fir we make ships, we have thousands
that fight,

While one, only one, like our Shakespeare can
write.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers,
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch,

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the
church;

But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree ;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The genius of Shakespeare out-shines the bright
day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey,
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine all in one.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
Fill fill to the planter, the cup to the brim,
To honour the country, do honour to him.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry,
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal be !

SONG XXIV.

ROUNDE LAY.

For the Jubilee, in Honour of Shakespeare.

By Mr. J——.

SISTERS of the tuneful strain !
Attend your parent's jocund train,

'Tis

'Tis fancy calls you, follow me,
To celebrate the jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakespeare's bust
Points out, and guards his sleeping dust,
The sons of scenic-mirth decree
To celebrate this jubilee.

By Garrick led, the grateful band,
Haste to their poet's native land,
With rites of sportive revelry,
To celebrate his jubilee.

Come daughters then, and with you bring
The vocal reed, and sprightly string,
Wit, and joke, and repartee,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' aerial sprite and fairy crew,
And the sister-graces three,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Hang around the sculptur'd tomb
The broider'd vest, the nodding plume,
And the mask of comic glee,
To celebrate our jubilee.

From Birnam wood, and Bosworth's field,
Bring the standard, bring the shield,
With drums, and martial symphony,
To celebrate this jubilee.

In mournful numbers now relate
Poor Desdemona's hapless fate,
With frantic deeds of jealousy,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Nor be Windsor's wives forgot,
With their harmless, merry plot,

The whit'ning mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Now in jocund strains recite,
The revels of the braggar'd Knight,
Fat Knight ! and ancient Pistol he !
To celebrate our jubilee.

But see, in crowds, the gay, the fair,
To the splendid scene repair,
A scene as fine, as fine can be,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Yet Colin bring, and Rosalind,
Each shepherd true, and damsel kind,
For well with ours, their sports agree,
To crown the festive jubilee.

S O N G XXV.

Chorus for the PAGEANT at Stratford.

By Mr. B——.

HENCE, ye prophane ! and only they,
Our pageant grace, our pomp survey,
Whom love of sacred genius brings ;
Let pride, let flattery decree,
Honours to deck the memory
Of warriors, senators, and kings——
Not less in glory, and desert,
The poet here receives his part,
A tribute from the feeling heart.

S O N G

S O N G XXVI.

A C A T C H. By Mr. E——.

NYM, Pistol, and Bardolph, with merry old
Jack,

One morning made sport for their pupil Prince
Harry ;

When Falstaff cry'd out for a bumper of sack,

To Quickly, his hostess, and bid her not tarry ;

Ah ! ah ! cry'd the Prince, honest boy is it so !

The wheels of your wit must be oil'd as they go.

S O N G XXVII.

The C O U N T R Y G I R L.

A C O M I C S E R E N A T A.

By Mr. G——.

R E C I T A T I V O.

PRITHEE tell me, cousin Sue,
Why they make so much to do,

Why all this noise and clatter ?

Why all this hurry, all this bustle,

Law how they croud, and bawl and juggle,

I cannot guess the matter.

For whom must all this puther be ?

The Emperor of Germanee,

Or Great Mogul is coming ;

Such eating, drinking, dancing, singing,

Such cannon firing, bells a ringing,

Such trumpeting and drumming !

A I R.

A I R.

All this for a poet—O no——
 Who liv'd lord knows how long ago?
 How can you jeer one,
 How can you flee one,
 A poet, a poet, O no,——
 'Tis not so,
 Who liv'd lord knows how long ago :
 It must be some great man,
 A prince, or a state-man,
 It can't be a poet——O no ;
 Your poet is poor,
 And nobody sure,
 Regards a poor poet I trow :
 The rich ones we prize,
 Send 'em up to the skies.
 But not a poor poet—O no—
 Who liv'd lord knows how long ago.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Yet now I call to mind,
 Our larned doctor boasted,
 One Shikspur did of all mankind,
 Receive from heav'n the most-head——
 That he could wonders do,
 And did 'em o'er and o'er,
 Raise sprites, and lay 'em too,
 The like ne'er seen before.
 A conjurer was he !
 Who with a pen in hond,
 Had earth, and air, and sea,
 And all things at commaund,

A I R.

A I R.

O'er each heart he was ruler,
 Made 'em warmer or cooler,
 Could make 'em to laugh or to cry ;
 What we lock'd in our breasts,
 Tho' as close as in chests,
 Was not hid from the Conjuror's eye ;
 Tho' fins I have none
 I am glad he is gone,
 No maid could live near such a mon. }

If he saw ye, he knew ye,
 Would look thro' and thro' ye,
 Thro' skin, and your flesh, and your cloaths,
 Had you vanity, pride,
 Fifty follies beside,
 He would see 'em, as plain as your nose ;
 Tho' fins I have none
 I am glad he is gone,
 No maid would live near such a mon. }

Let us sing it, and dance it,
 Rejoice it, and prance it,
 That no man has now such an art ;
 What would come of us all,
 Both the great ones and small,
 Should he live to peep now in each heart.
 Tho' fins I have none,
 I am glad he is gone,
 No maid could live near such a mon. }

S O N G

S O N G XXVIII.

SWEET * WILLYO. *By Mr. G —:*

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
 The first of all swains,
 He gladden'd the plains,
 None ever was like to sweet Willy O.
 He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
 He melted each maid,
 So skillful he play'd,
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.
 All Nature obey'd him, this sweet Willy O,
 Wherever he came,
 Whate'er had a name,
 Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Willy O,
 He wou'd be a † soldier this sweet Willy O,
 When arm'd in the field,
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O,
 He charm'd 'em when living, the sweet Willy O,
 And when Willy dy'd,
 'Twas Nature that sigh'd,
 To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.

S O N G XXIX.

*The Dramatic Race. A CATCH.**By a Lover of the Turf.*

CLEAR, clear the course — make room —
 make room I say!
 Now they are off, and *Johnson* makes the play.

* *Shakespeare.* † *Writer of Tragedy.*

I'll bett the odds — done fir, with you and you;
Shakespeare keeps near him — and he'll win it
too :

Here's even money — done for a hundred,
done —

Now Johnson ! now, or never — he has won.
I'll take my oath, that Shakespeare won the
prize —

Damme ! whoever says he lost it, lies.

S O N G X X X .

A G L E E . B y D r . M —————

C O M E , nymphs and fawns, where'er ye be,
To this your Father's Jubilee,
With a tivy, tivy, tivy-tivie, ti.
Come elves, and fairies, in a row,
And if you ever sung, sing now,
With a row-dow, row tidow, dow.
Ev'n Caliban, tho' void of art,
With growling base, shall bear a part,
With a Ban, Ban, Cacaliban.

S O N G X X X I .

Q U E E N M A B . A C A N T A T A .

The Words by Mr. B —————.

The Music by Mr. Dibdin.

R E C I T A T I V E .

N O T long ago, 'tis said, a proclamation,
Was sent abroad through all the Fairy
nation ;
Mab to her loving subjects — A decree,
At Shakespear's tomb to hold a Jubilee.

A C-

ACCOMPANIED.

The night was come, and now on Avon's side
 The pigmy race was seen,
 Attended by their queen,
 On chafers some, and some on crickets ride,
 The queen appear'd from far,
 Mounted in a nut shell carr ;
 Six painted latty-birds the carriage drew ;
 And now the calvacade,
 In order due array'd,
 March'd first,
 Were erst,
 The sacred Mulb'ry grew,
 And there their homage paid :
 Next they sought the holy ground,
 And while
 A thousand glow-worm torches glimmer'd
 round ;
 Thus Good Fellow, the herald of his fame,
 Did from the alabaster height proclaim,
 The poets titles and his stile.

A I R.

Shakespeare, heaven's most favor'd creature,
 Truest copier of Nature,
 First of the Parnassian train ;
 Chiefest fav'rite of the muses,
 Which soe'er the poet chooses,
 Blest alike in ev'ry strain.
 Life's great censor, and inspector,
 Fancy's treasurer, Wit's director,
 Artless to the shame of art ;
 Master of the various passions,
 - Leader of all inclinations,
 Sov'reign of the human heart.

R E.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Then did the queen an acorn take,
 Fill'd with morn and ev'ning dew,
 Brush'd from ev'ry fragrant brake,
 That round the lawns of Stratford
 grew.

A C C O M P A N I E D.

And thus said she, libation do I make,
 To our friend and father's shade :
 'Twas Shakespeare that the Fairies made ;
 And men shall give us honour for his sake.

A I R.

O happy bard, whose potent skill,
 Can give existence where it will.
 Let giant wisdom strive to chase,
 From man's belief the Fairy race ;
 Religion stern our pow'r reject,
 Philosophy our tales neglect,
 Only trusting what 'tis seeing ;
 Combat us howe'er they list,
 In thy scenes we shall exist,
 Sure as if Nature gave us being.

S O N G XXXII.

The O D E.

*Upon dedicating a Building, and erecting a Statue
 to Shakespeare, at Stratford upon Avon.*

Written and spoken by D. Garrick, Esq.

The Music composed by Dr. Arne.

TO what blest genius of the isle,
 Shall Gratitude her tribute pay,
D Decree,

Decree the festive day,
Erect the statue, and devote the pile ?

Do not your sympathetic hearts accord,
To own the "bosom lord ?"
'Tis he ! 'tis he—that demi-god !
Who Avon's flow'ry margin trod,
While sportive fancy round him flew,
Where nature led him by the hand,
Instructed him in all she knew,
And gave him absolute command !

'Tis he ! 'tis he !
"The god of our idolatry !"
To him the song, the edifice we raise,
He merits all our wonder, all our praise !
Yet ere impatient joy break forth,
In sounds that lift the soul from earth :
And to our spell-bound minds impart
Some faint idea of his magic art ;
Let awful silence still the air !
From the dark cloud, the hidden light
Bursts tenfold bright !
Prepare ! prepare ! prepare !
Now swell at once the choral song,
Roll the full tide of harmony along ;
Let Rapture sweep the trembling strings,
And fame expanding all her wings,
With all her trumpet-tongues proclaim,
The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name !
Shakespeare ! Shakespeare ! Shakespeare !
Let th'enchanting sound,
From Avon's shores rebound ;
Thro' the air,
Let it bear,
The precious freight the envious nations round.

CHO-

C H O R U S.

Swell the choral song,
 Roll the tide of harmony along,
 Let rapture sweep the strings,
 Fame expand her wings,
 With her trumpet-tongues proclaim,
 The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name !
Shakespeare ! Shakespeare ! Shakespeare !

A I R I.

“ Sweetest Bard that ever sung,
 Nature's glory, Fancy's child ;
 Never sure did witching tongue,
 Warble forth such wood-notes wild !

Come each Muse, and sister Grace,
 Loves and pleasures hither come ;
 Well you know this happy place,
 Avon's banks were once your home.

Bring the laurel, bring the flow'rs,
 Songs of triumph to him raise ;
 He united all your pow'rs,
 All uniting, sing his praise !”

Tho' Philip's fam'd unconquer'd son,
 Had ev'ry blood-stain'd laurel won ;
 He sigh'd—that his creative word,
 (Like that which rules the skies,)
 Could not bid other nations rise,
 To glut his yet unfated sword :

But when our Shakespeare's matchless pen,
 Like Alexander's sword, had done with men ;
 He heaved no sigh, he made no moan,
 Not limited to human kind,
 He fir'd his wonder-teeming mind,
 Rais'd other worlds and beings of his own !

A I R II.

“ When Nature, smiling, hail’d his birth,
 To him unbounded pow’r was given ;
 The whirlwind’s wing to sweep the sky,
 “ The frenzy-rowling eye,
 To glance from heav’n and earth,
 From earth to heav’n !”

O from his muse of fire
 Could but one spark be caught:
 Then might these humble strains aspire,
 To tell the wonders he has wrought.
 To tell how sitting on his magic throne,
 Unaided and alone,
 In dreadful state,
 The subject passions round him wait ;
 Who tho’ unchain’d, and raging there,
 He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career;
 With that superior skill,
 Which winds the fiery steed at will,
 He gives the awful word—
 And they, all foaming, trembling, own him for
 their Lord.
 With these his slaves he can controul,
 Or charm the soul ;
 So realiz’d are all his golden dreams,
 Of terror, pity, love, and grief,
 Tho’ conscious that the vision only seems,
 The woe-struck mind finds no relief :
 Ingratitude would drop the tear,
 Cold-blooded age take fire.
 To see the thankless children of old Lear,
 Spurn at their king and fire !
 With his our reason too grows wild,
 What Nature had disjoin’d,
 The Poet’s pow’r combin’d,
 Madness and Age, ingratitude and child.

Ye guilty, lawless tribe,
 Escap'd from punishment by art or bribe,
 At Shakespeare's bar appear!
 No bribing, shuffling there—
 His genius like a rushing flood,
 Cannot be withstood,
 Out bursts the penitential tear!
 The look appal'd the crimes reveals,
 The marble hearted monster feels,
 Whose hand is stain'd with blood.

S E M I - C H O R U S.

When law is weak, and justice fails,
 The Poet holds the sword and scales.

A I R III.

“ Though crimes from death and torture fly,
 The swifter muse,
 Their flight pursues,
 Guilty mortals more than die!
 They live indeed, but live to feel
 The scourge and wheel,
 “ On the torture of the mind they lie;
 Should harass'd nature sink to rest,
 The Poet wakes the scorpion in the breast,
 Guilty mortals more than die!”

When our Magician more inspir'd,
 By charms, and spells, and incantations fir'd,
 Exerts his most tremendous pow'r,
 The thunder growl, the heaven's low'r,
 And to his darken'd throne repair,
 The Demons of the deep, and Spirits of the air;

But soon these horrors pass away,
 Thro' storms and night breaks forth the day:

He smiles,—they vanish into air !
 The buskin'd warriors disappear !
 Mute the trumpets—mute the drums,
 The scene is changed—Thalia comes,
 Leading the nymph Euphrosyne,
 Goddess of Joy and Liberty !
 She and her sisters, hand in hand,
 Link'd to a num'rous frolick band,
 With roses and with myrtle crown'd,
 O'er the green velvet lightly bound,
 Circling the monarch of th' enchanted land !

A I R IV.

“ Wild, frantic with pleasure,
 They trip it in measure,
 To bring him their treasure,
 The treasure of joy.

How gay is the measure,
 How sweet is the pleasure,
 How great is the treasure,
 The treasure of joy.

Like roses fresh blowing,
 Their dimpled cheeks glowing,
 His mind is o'erflowing ;
 A treasure of joy.”

His rapture perceiving,
 They smile while they're giving,
 He smiles at receiving,
 A treasure of joy.”

With kindling cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
 Surrounded thus, the bard in transport dies ;
 The little loves, like bees,
 Clust'ring and climbing up his knees,
 His brows with roses bind ; While

While Fancy, Wit, and Humour spread
 Their wings, and hover round his head,
 Impregnating his mind.
 Which teeming soon, as soon brought forth,
 Not a tiny spurious birth,
 But out a mountain came,
 A mountain of delight !
 Laughter roar'd out to see the fight,
 And Falstaff was his name !
 With sword and shield he, puffing, strides ;
 The joyous revel-rout
 Receive him with a shout,
 And modest Nature holds her sides :
 No single pow'r the deed had done,
 But great and small.
 Wit, Fancy, Humour, Whim, and Jest,
 The huge, mishapen heap impress'd ;
 And lo—Sir John !
 A compound of 'em all,
 A comic world in *one*.

A I R V.

“ A world where all pleasures abound,
 So fruitful the earth,
 So quick to bring forth,
 And the world too is wicked and round.

As the well-teeming earth,
 With rivers and show'rs,
 Will smiling bring forth
 Her fruits and her flow'rs ;
 So Falstaff will never decline ;
 Still fruitful and gay,
 He moistens his clay,
 And his rain and his rivers are wine !

OF

Of the world he has all, but its care ;
 No load, but of flesh, will he bear ;
 He laughs off his pack,
 Takes a cup of old sack,
 And away with all sorrow and care."

Like the rich rainbow's various dyes,
 Whose circle sweeps o'er earth and skies, .
 The heav'n-born muse appears ;
 Now in the brightest colours gay,
 Now quench'd in show'rs, she fades away,
 Now blends her smiles and tears.

Sweet swan of Avon ! ever may thy stream
 Of tuneful numbers be the darling theme ;
 Not Thames himself, who in his silver course
 Triumphant rolls along,
 Britannia's riches, and her force,
 Shall more harmonious flow in song.

O had those bards, who charm the list'ning shore
 Of Cam and Isis, tun'd their classic lays,
 And from their full and precious store,
 Vouchsaf'd to fairy-haunted Avon praise !
 (Like that kind bounteous hand *,
 Which lately gave the ravish'd eyes
 Of Stratford swains
 A rich command,
 Of widen'd river, lengthen'd plains
 And opening skies)

* The D— of D—, with the concurrence of
 Mr. B——y, most generously ordered a great
 number of trees to be cut down, to open the river
 Avon for the Jubilee.

Nor

Nor Creek, nor Roman streams would flow
 along,
 More sweetly clear, or more sublimely strong,
 Nor thus a shepherd's feeble notes reveal,
 At once the weakest numbers, and the warmest
 zeal.

A I R VI.

" Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
 Of things more than mortal, sweet Shakespeare
 would dream ;

The faeries by moon-light dance round his green
 bed,

For hallow'd the turff is which pillow'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
 Here rove without danger, and sigh without
 pain ;

The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here
 dread,

For hallow'd the turff is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their
 truth,

And chearful old age feel the spirit of youth ;
 For the raptures of Fancy here poets shall tread,
 For hallow'd the turff is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
 Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow,
 Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it
 spread,

And the turff ever hallow'd which pillow'd his
 head."

The'

Tho' bards with envy-aching eyes,
 Behold a tow'ring eagle rise,
 And would his flight retard ;
 Yet each to Shakespeare's genius bows,
 Each weaves a garland for his brows,
 To crown the heav'n-distinguish'd bard.
 Nature had form'd him on her noblest plan,
 And to the genius join'd the feeling man.

What tho' with more than mortal art,
 Like Neptune he directs the storm,
 Lets loose like winds the passions of the heart,
 To wreck the human form ;
 Tho' from his mind rush forth, the Demons to
 destroy,
 His heart ne'er knew but love, and gentleness,
 and joy.

A I R VII.

“ More gentle than the southern gale,
 Which softly fans the blossom'd vale,
 And gathers on its balmy wing
 The fragrant treasures of the spring,
 Breathing delight on all it meets,
 “ And giving, as it steals, the sweets.”

Look down, blest spirits, from above,
 With all thy wonted gentleness and love :
 And as the wonders of thy pen,
 By heav'n inspir'd,
 To virtue fir'd,
 The charm'd, astonish'd sons of men !
 With no reproach, ev'n now, thou view'st
 thy work,
 To nature sacred as to truth,
 Where

Where no alluring mischiefs lurk,
 To taint the mind of youth.
 Still to thy native spot thy smiles extend,
 And as thou gav'st it fame, that fame defend;
 And may no sacrilegious hand
 Near Avon's banks be found,
 To dare to parcel out the land,
 And limit Shakespeare's hallow'd ground †.
 For ages free, still be it unconfin'd,
 As broad, and general as thy boundless mind.

Can British gratitude delay,
 To him, the glory of this isle,
 To give the festive day
 The song the statue and devoted pile?
 To him the first of poets, best of men?
 "We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

D U E T.

Shall the hero laurels gain,
 For ravag'd fields, and thousands slain?
 And shall his brows no laurels bind,
 Who charms to virtue human kind?

C H O R U S.

We will his brows with laurel bind,
 Who charms to virtue human kind:
 Raise the pile, the statue raise,
 Sing immortal Shakespeare's praise!
 The song will cease, the stone decay,
 But his name,
 And undiminish'd fame,
 Shall never, never pass away.

† This alludes to a design of inclosing a large common field, at Stratford.

S O N G XXXIII.

*From SHAKESPEARE'S CYMBELINE.**By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.*

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove :
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
 Or 'midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed :
 Belov'd, till life could charm no more :
 And mourn'd, 'till pity's self be dead.

S O N G

SONG XXXIV.

To SYLVIA. By David Garrick, *E/q*;

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim,
 He feels the passion void of art,
 The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' sighing swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love contemn;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire;
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
 Your mind improves with years;
 As when the blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
 And bless the future hour,
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flower.

SONG XXXV.

The YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet
 plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 E The

The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wild and deep glens, where the hawthorn-
trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves evening and
morn ;

He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylphs and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a proud, scornful air ;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
And her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the
spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke
truth ;

But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

The mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dow'r,

Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour :
Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty, sweet Susie his mistress might be.

S O N G XXXVI.

Set by Dr. ARNE. In The Way to keep him.

The Words by David Garrick, Esq;

YE fair married dames, who so often de-
plore,
That a lover once bless'd is a lover no more ;
Attend

Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has
caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of
your eye,
Your roses and lillies may make the men sigh;
But roses and lillies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite
guitar:
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too
much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at com-
mand:
Exert with your husband the same happy skill;
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to
your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to
your mind;
'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

SONG XXXVII.

*Set by Dr. Boyce. Sung by Mr. Champness, in
Harlequin's Invasion.*

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we
steer,

To add something new to this wonderful year:

To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

C H O R U S.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are
our men;

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady;

We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;

They never see us, but they wish us away;

If they run, why we follow, and run them a-
shore;

For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,

They'll frighten our women, our children, and
beaus;

But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,

Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
them sweat,

In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette;

Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us
sing,

Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and king,

Heart of oak, &c.

S O N G

S O N G XXXVIII.

In HARLEQUIN'S INVASION.

TO arms ! ye brave mortals, to arms !
 The road to renown lies before ye !
 The name of king Shakespēare has charms
 To rouse ye to actions of glory !
 Away ! ye brave mortals, away !
 'Tis Nature calls on ye to save her ;
 What man but would Nature obey,
 And fight for her Shakespēare for ever ?

S O N G XXXIX.

In HARLEQUIN'S INVASION.

OLD women we are,
 And as wise in the chair,
 As fit for the *quorum* as men ;
 We can scold on the bench,
 Or examine a wench,
 And like them can be wrong now and then.

C H O R U S.

For look the world thro',
 And you'll find ~~two~~ in ten,
 Old women can do
 As much as old men.

We can hear a sad case,
 With a no-meaning face,
 And, though shallow, yet seem to be deep :
 Leave all to the clerk,
 For when matters grow dark,
 Their Worships had better go sleep.
 For look the world thro, &c.

When our wisdom is task'd,
 And hard questions are ask'd,
 We'll answer them best with a snore ;
 We can mump a tid bit,
 And can joke without wit,
 And what can their Worships do more ?
 For look the world thro', &c.

S O N G X L.

In Harlequin's Invasion.

THRIICE happy the nation that Shakespeare
 has charm'd !
 More happy the bosom his genius has warm'd !
 Ye children of Nature, of Fashion, and Whim,
 He painted ye all, all join praises to him !

C H O R U S.

Come away ! come away !
 His genius calls—you must obey !

From highest to lowest, from old unto young,
 All states and conditions by him have been sung ;
 All passions and humours were rais'd by his pen ;
 He could soar with the eagle, and sing with the
 wren.

Come away, &c.

To praise him, ye Fairies, and Genii repair ?
 He knew where you haunted, in earth or in air :
 No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,
 The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.
 Come away, &c.

S O N G

S O N G XLI.

*Sung by Mrs. Cibber, in the Winter's Tale.**Set by Mr. Michael Arne.*

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks
we must shear ;

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear :
The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free ;
And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught ;
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught :
What we think in our hearts you may read in
our eyes,

For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;
But we all the children of nature are bred :
By her hands alone we are painted and drest,
For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in
the breast.

The giant Ambition, we never can dread ;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head :
Content and sweet chearfulness open our door ;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the
poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we
feel ;

So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

SONG

SONG XLII.

The Words by Mr. Garrick.

YE medley of mortals who make up this
throng,

Spare your wit for a moment, and list to my song,
What you would not expect here, my wit shall
be new, [true,

And what is more strange, every word shall be
Sing tantara-rara, truth all, truth all.

Not a toy in the shop you'll buy cheaper than
mine; [coin;

Send your lasses to me, and you'll spare all your
'The ladies alone will pay dear for their skill,

For if they will hear me, their tongues must lie
still.

Sing tantara-rara, mute all, &c.

Tho' revels are scorn'd by the grave and the wise,
Yet they practise all day what they seem to de-
spise.

Examine mankind from the great to the small,
Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world is a ball.

Sing tantara rara, masks all, &c.

The parson, brim-full of October and grace,
With a long taper pipe, and a round ruddy face,
Will rail at our doings; but when it is dark,
The parson's disguis'd, and led home by the
clerk.

The fierce roaring blade, with long sword and
cock'd hat, [that;

With blood he'll do this, and zounds he'll do
When

When he comes to the trial, he fails in his part,
And shows that his looks are but masks to his
heart.

The beau acts the rake, and will talk of amours,
Shows letters from wives, and appointments from
whores ;

But a creature so modest avoids all disgrace ;
For how would he blush, should he come face to
face !

The courtier and patriot, 'mongst other fine
things, [kings ;

Will talk of their country, and love to their
But the mask will drop off, if you shake but the
pelf,

And shew king and country all center'd in self.

With an outside of virtue, Miss Squeamish the
prude, [are rude :

If you touch her, she faints ; if you speak, you
Thus she's prim, and she's coy, tho' virtue she 'as
none, [John.

And perhaps she's caress'd by the coachman or

With a grave mask of wisdom, say physic and law,
In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's
no flaw ;

'Till death or the judge have decreed, they look
big, [wig.

And you find you have trusted a full bottom'd

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit,
Each neighbour will find that his next is a
cheat ;

But

But if, O ye mortals, these tricks ye pursue,
You first cheat yourselves, and the devil cheats
you.

Sing tantara rara, that's all.

SONG XLIII.

Sung in LETHE.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom follies misguide, and infirmities vex;
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish'd for in
vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
The rake shall forget how last night he was
cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with rapture enjoy'd:
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care;
And drink an oblivion, &c.

The wife at one draught may forget all her
wants,
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day;
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
care.
Drink deep, &c.

SONG

S O N G XLIV.

*Sung in Lethe, by Mrs. CLIVE.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

THE card invites, in crouds we fly,
 To join the jovial rout full cry ;
 What joy—from cares and plagues all day,
 To hie to the midnight hark away ?
 Nor want, nor pain, nor griefs, nor care,
 Nor dronish husbands enter there ;
 The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
 All hie to the midnight hark away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
 And drowsy watchmen idly knock ;
 'Till daylight peeps, we sport and play,
 And roar to the jolly hark away.
 When tir'd with sport, to bed we creep,
 And kill the tedious day with sleep,
 To-morrow's welcome call obey,
 And again to the midnight hark away.

S O N G XLV.

*In The Way to keep him.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will ;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill ;

Say,

Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part;
 An honest verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the heart?

Great is your pow'r; but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage:
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take;
 For who's to beauty blind?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind?

Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast;
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

SONG XLVI.

The Words by Mr. GARRICK.

Set by Mr. Howard.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my Peggy:
 You greater bards, the lyre should hit;
 For say, what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit,
 And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,

As does my lovely Peggy :
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
It does not half the sweets disclose,

As does my lovely Peggy :
I stole a kiss the other day,
And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in russet weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,

To please my lovely Peggy :
With her a cottage would delight ;
All's happy when she's in my sight ;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the water love,

So long shall I love Peggy :
And when death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be, when I depart,
Adieu my lovely Peggy !

S O N G XLVII.

The Words and Music by Dr. Arne.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

NYMPHS and shepherds, come away,
Wanton in the sweets of May ;
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
Wanton as the bounding fawns :
Frolic, buxom, blythe, and gay,
Nymphs and shepherds, come away.

S O N G XLVIII.

Sung by Miss Pope, in The Musical Lady.

LOVE's a sweet and soft musician,
Who derives his skill from thee :
Plays on ev'ry disposition,
Strikes the soul on ev'ry key.

Deep despair now thrums *adagio*.
Lively hope now sounds *coragio* ;
O ! the ravishing transition !
Tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee.

S O N G XLIX.

Sung in The Custom of the Manor.

WHEN the rose is in bud, and blue vi'lets
 'blow,
And the birds sing us love-songs from every
 bough
When cowslips, and daisies, and daffodils spread,
Adorning, perfuming the flowery mead,
Our

Our cleanly milk-pail
 Is fill'd with brown ale ;
 Our table, our table's the grass :
 There we sit and we sing,
 And we dance in a ring,
 And every lad has his lass ;
 There we sit and we sing, and we dance in a
 ring,
 And every lad, every lad has his lass.

When without the plough, the fat oxen do low,
 The lads and the lasses a sheep-shearing go ;
 Our shepherd shears his jolly, jolly fleece,
 How much richer than that which they say was
 in Greece !

'Tis our cloth, and our food,
 And our politic blood ;
 'Tis the seat which our nobles all sit on :
 'Tis a mine above ground,
 Where our treasure's all found,
 'Tis the gold and the silver of Britain :
 'Tis a mine above ground, where our treasure's
 all found,
 'Tis the gold and the silver of Britain.

S O N G L.

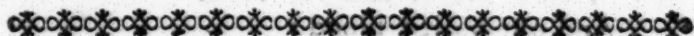
Sung by Mrs. Scott, in Tamerlane.

TO thee, O gentle Sleep, alone
 Is owing all our peace ;
 By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,
 By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand by fraud or force
 Some tyrant has possess'd,
 By thee obtaining a divorce,
 In her own choice is bless'd.

Oh stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,
 The sadly weeping fair
 Conjures thee not to lose in day,
 The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,
 That motion chas'd her sleep;
 Thus by ourselves are ofteneft wrought
 The griefs for which we weep.



The favourite Songs in TOM JONES,
A COMIC OPERA.

By Mr. JOSEPH REED.

S O N G L I.

By Mr. Mattocks. *Set by* Mr. Arnold.

NO sport to the chase can compare,
 So manly the pleasures it yields;
 How sweet, how refreshing that air
 Inhal'd in the woods and the fields!

As we rush in pursuit, new scenes still appear,
 New landscapes encounter the eye:
 Not Handel's sweet music more pleases the ear,
 Than that of the hounds in full cry.

New

New strength from the chace we derive ;
 Its exercise purges the blood :
 How happy that mortal must live,
 Whose sport yields both phyfic and food !
 So new and so vary'd its charms, they ne'er cloſe
 Like thoſe of the bottle and face ;
 The oft'ner, the harder, the more we enjoy,
 The more we're in love with the chace.

S O N G LII.

By Mrs. Pinto. Set by Mr. Holcombe.

WHEN tyrant love, that foe to reſt,
 Deſpotic rules a virgin's breaſt,
 The needle ſhe employs in vain
 To baniſh thought, to baniſh pain :
 For while beneath her fingers grows
 In mimic bloom the ſilken roſe,
 The fair, by real anguiſh torn,
 Feels in her heart the growing thorn.

S O N G LIII.

By Mr. Mattocks. Set by Mr. Arnold.

AT court, where true breeding abounds,
 They never let promiſes bind 'em :
 In country, in cities, in towns,
 'Tis likewise the mode not to mind 'em.
 To promiſes never give truſt,
 Of truth they are ſeldom the token :
 The old proverb ſays a pye-cruſt,
 And a promiſe were made to be broken.

S O N G L I V .

By Mrs. Pinto. Set by Mr. Arnold.

THAT passion, which harrows the soul,
 By reason we strive to remove;
 But reason's too weak to controul
 A passion, so pow'ful as love.
 Then why this vain war with desire?
 Resistance but doubles the smart:
 The more I oppose the fierce fire,
 It rages the more in my heart.

S O N G L V .

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

COME, leave off these tricks, or
 I'll lend you a flick, fir;
 I guess, you young dog, what you drive at:
 For shame! keep aloof, fir;
 While under my roof, fir,
 Pray none of your wenches in private.

 You'll give the world handle
 My mansion to scandal;
 Remember, few damsels are barren:
 Then beat up elsewhere, fir,
 The game, and forbear, fir,
 To poach any more in my warren.

S O N G

S O N G LVI.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

SWAINS, tell me no more of the transports
 divine
 You reap with the women, exclusive of wine.
 Wine heightens our pleasures, each joy will im-
 prove,
 Adds smartness to converse, and fuel to love.
 Nor tell me, ye toppers, that wine ever made
 You perfectly happy without woman's aid.
 This maxim attend, if true bliss you would
 have,
 Of both be a lover, to neither a slave.

S O N G LVII.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

AND should a young bantling appear,
 Dame Scandal at me will let fly ;
 Each neighbour will snigger and leer,
 " I guess who's as a hand in the pye."
 The jokers a fine game will go,
 And hourly have me on the hip,
 With "'Squire, an old coachman you know
 Loves always the smack of the whip."

S O N G LVIII.

Sung by Mr. Barnshaw.

THAT gold is an idol all people adore,
 Their practice evinces most clearly ;
 E'en patriots themselves often grasp at this ore,
 Their country scarce loving so dearly.

Let

Let the prelate 'gainst riches employ tongue and
 pen,
 Be his eloquence ever so charming,
 Only think of his lordship's full coffers, and
 then——
 You'll sneer at both preacher and sermon.

S O N G LIX.

By Mr. SHUTER.

THE women attempted, some few years
 ago,
 Their lovers to charm with a small head ;
 But now in their noddles as bumpy they show,
 As if the whole carcase was all head.

This fashion the sex of admirers will rob,
 Their conquests they certainly push ill,
 In striving to charm with a bolster'd-out nob,
 As large as a Winchester bushel.

S O N G LX.

By Mrs. P I N T O.

DEarest aunt, attend my prayer!
 Let your indignation cease :
 These stern looks my bosom tear ;
 Have some pity on a niece !
 From this hard, this cruel stroke,
 Your lov'd darling kindly save !
 The sad sentence, O revoke !
 Or you doom me to the grave.

S O N G

SONG LXI.

By Mrs. PINTO.

THIRST of wealth too oft bewitches
 The deluded parent's heart;
 But can worldly pomp or riches
 Real happiness impart?
 Love's the sweetest, dearest pleasure
 To the human heart convey'd:
 Those, who give up love for treasure,
 Quit the substance for the shade.

SONG LXII.

By Mrs. MATTOCKS.

HAD I quite clear in land a year
 Full twenty thousand pound,
 And did surpass the fairest lass
 That ever trod the ground;
 Tho' dukes and lords, with stars and swords,
 Should court while courting's good,
 For him alone I'd slight each don:
 I wish I may die but I would!

He is in truth a well-made youth,
 And of the sweetest mein:
 Whoe'er his wife, she'll lead a life
 As happy as a queen.
 No courtly dame need think it shame
 To wed, if he should woo:
 No swain I know could charm me so,
 I wish I may die if he do!

SONG

S O N G LXIII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks. Set by Dr. Arne.

WHAT pity that nature has cast
 Between us this distance in life,
 When nearness in temper and taste
 Hath form'd us for husband and wife !
 Should Hymen my passion befriend,
 How sweet were each conjugal kiss !
 Such raptures our loves would attend,
 That angels might envy my bliss.

S O N G LXIV.

*Sung by Mr. Du-Bellamy.**The Music by Dr. Arne.*

"TILL luxury came into play,
 And swell'd the expences of life,
 Even dowerless beauty could sway
 Each youth in the choice of a wife.
 But now such a chargeable train
 Of wants has the conjugal state,
 That women should only be ta'en
 Like money not current—by weight.

S O N G LXV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Mr. Arnold.

DUTY is nature's strongest law ;
 A tie, that all should have in view ;
 A debt of gratitude, love, awe,
 To every tender parent due.

By

By heaven 'tis stamp'd upon our frames;
 In polish'd minds it shines the most :
 The wretch that duty's bond disclaims:
 Must be to every virtue lost.

S O N G LXVI.

Sung by Shuter.

HOW happy a father am I !
 How bless'd the condition I'm in !
 My heart is so light, that for joy
 I could almost jump out of my skin.
 Search England around and around,
 Search all nations under the sky,
 And in 'em there will not be found
 A father so happy as I.

S O N G LXVII.

D U E T. *By Mr. Shuter and Mrs. Pinto.*

Set by Mr. Handel.

Pin. **O** Do not look so wild !
 Have pity on a child !
 Such indignation my poor heart will break.
Shu. Wretch ! I will not hear you ;
 Hence ! I cannot bear you ;
 In such cause how dare you
 Speak ?

Pin.

Pin. Words of such angry strain
 Rend my sad heart in twain ;
 Can a fond father's resolve be to kill ?

Shut. I shall swear and bluster,
 I'm in such a flutter.
 Cease this whining racket,
 Or, I tell you roundly,
 I shall thrash your jacket
 Soundly

For thwarting my will.

Pin. Will nothing move you ?
 Think how I love you,
 And with soft pity attend my sad moan.

Shu. 'Tis in vain to faivel.

Pin. Hear me——

Shu. Fly a thousand miles hence.

Pin. O hear me !

Shu. Disobedient devil !

Silence !

Go, go : get thee gone.

S O N G LXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks. Set by Dr. Ar ne.

YOUR beauteous looks inspire my mind
 With passion of the purest kind :
 No selfish views my bosom sway,
 But all is love without allay,
 Of such a darling gem possess'd,
 My lot would be supremely blest ;
 Possession would increase my joy,
 For charms like yours can never cloy.
 With every charm, with every grace
 Hath nature deck'd that form, and face ;
 At your creation heaven design'd
 To show a goddess to mankind.

S O N G

S O N G LXIX.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

I'LL humble my gentleman's pride, fir :
 Hands off—let me go I intreat you,
 I long to be currying his hide, fir—
 To mummy, you dog, I could beat you !
 My fingers now itch to be at you,
 But cuz holds me faster and faster,
 Or soon I would teach you, odd rat you !
 To meddle with meat for your master.

S O N G LXX.

Sung by Mr. Barnshaw. Set by Mr. Arne.

EACH noble of yore was so fond of his wife,
 That marriage was held the chief blessing
 in life :
 Each lady so loving, so chearful, so gay,
 That all her delight was to please and obey.
 But modern fine ladies and lords are above
 So vulgar a passion, as conjugal love :
 Such quarrels and partings have happen'd of late.
 As if their chief passion were conjugal hate,

S O N G LXXI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Mr. Galluppi.

THE match, howe'er commodious,
 Must meet my utmost scorn :
 His passion would be odious,
 Were he to empire born.

G

Such

Such hate my foul possesses,
 Each hardship I'd sustain,
 E'er listen to th'addresses
 Of such detested swain.

S O N G LXXII.

By Mrs. Green. Set by Dr. Arne.

MY coach!—I'll begone; and from this
 very hour
 Ends all my alliance with such a rude boor.
 My sex, my political knowledge despise?
 By heaven! I could tear out the Hottentot's
 eyes—
 An illiterate clown! give his tongue such a
 loose!
 For the future I never set foot in your house—
 Adieu, my dear child—this is usage so trying,
 In spite of my pride it will set me a crying.

S O N G LXXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Dr. Arne.

SUCH beauty, manliness, and air
 His form and face adorn,
 Not half so lovely, half so fair
 Appears the blushing morn:
 His grace, his dignity, his ease
 My fond affections stole;
 He was by fate design'd to please,
 And captivate the soul.

S O N G LXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks. Set by Dr. Arne.

TO be tied to a fellow one hates were a curse,
 A curse I could never survive ;
 Nay sooner than take him for better, for worse,
 By Jove ! I'd be buried alive.
 Should pappy insist on my wedding a man,
 Whose sight would occasion the hip ;
 Ere into such marriage he should me trapan,
 By Jingo ! I'd give him the slip.

S O N G LXXV.

Sung by Mrs. Baker. Set Mr. Bach.

B L E S T with thee, my soul's dear treasure,
 Sweetly will each hour be pass'd ;
 Every day will bring new pleasure,
 And be happier than the last.
 With so lov'd a partner talking,
 Time will quickly glide away :
 With so dear a husband walking,
 Nature all her bloom display.
 Such a darling swain possessing,
 All my sorrows will be o'er ;
 Thou art fortune's utmost blessing,
 Fortune cannot give me more.

S O N G LXXVI.

By Mrs. Pinto. Set by Mr. Baildon.

TO changeful man's delusive arts
Let maids beware how they give way;
Nor yield too hastily their hearts,
Lest each with me repenting say,
"Deserted by my faithless swain,
"Poor I, alas! must love in vain."

S O N G LXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks. Set by Dr. Boyce.

TELL me, lovely charmer, why
You thus a fond adorer fly?
You surely cannot harbour strife
'Gainst him, that loves you more than life!
No longer, then no longer shun
The swain, by love and thee undone.
Why thus a fond adorer fly?
Lovely charmer, tell me why?

S O N G LXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Baker. Set by Mr. Arne.

TO lure me from mammy the swain did
employ,
On every occasion, the strongest persuasions:
At length I consented, and told the dear boy,
That thro' the world with him I'd wander with
joy.

Tho'

Tho' prudes and old maids, by despair ever teiz'd,
 My conduct should handle with malice and scandal,
 So vast an affection my bosom has seiz'd,
 That thro' the world with him I'd wander well
 pleas'd.

S O N G LXXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks. Set by Mr. Abel.

WHERE can we run? Where can we fly,
 To hide us from your father's eye?
 This place in troth won't hold us both—
 Was ever such a luckless elf?
 What shall we do?—Here's room for you—
 In, in---I'll scamper for't myself.

S O N G LXXX.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

WHEN good queen Elizabeth, history's
 boast,
 From Spaniards and Frenchmen defended our
 coast,
 The noblemen feasted on bak'd, boil'd, and roast.
 O the roast beef of Old England!
 And O the English roast beef!

The ladies delighted in good hearty chear,
 All kickshaws, and slipslops they left to *Monfieur*;
 Their breakfast in common was beef and strong
 beer.
 O the strong beer of Old England!
 And O the English strong beer!

S O N G LXXXI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Mr. Arnold.

SWEET mercy is the loveliest flower,
That Heaven e'er planted in the mind;
The queen of virtues, whose soft power
Can even to godhead raise mankind.

Let patriots, kings, and heroes boast
A name, that will in history live;
Yet he resembles Heaven the most,
Whose godlike bosom can forgive.

S O N G LXXXII.

Sung by Mr. Morris. Set by Mr. Bates.

Y^OU dog, I could tear you in pieces!
I'll give all I have to my neices;
I will, by the Lord!

One shilling excepted---to buy you a cord---
I'm so vex'd at his choice, I could fight with a
feather:

'Twould please me to see them both hanging
together.

S O N G LXXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Du-Bellamy. Set by Mr. Bach.

W^HEN I'm in nuptial union join'd
With my enchanting fair,
What raptures will possess my mind!
What transports shall I share!

From

From such a sweet engaging wife
New joys must hourly spring,
I would not change so blest a life
To be the greatest king.



The favourite Songs in LOVE IN A
VILLAGE.

A COMIC OPERA.

By Mr. BICKERSTAFFE.

SONG LXXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto and Mrs. Mattocks.

HOPE! thou nurse of young desires,
Fairy promiser of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softer soother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossess'd;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

SONG

S O N G LXXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

WHENCE can you inherit
 So slavish a spirit?
 Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log!
 Now fondl'd, now chid,
 Permitted, forbid:
 'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For shame, you a lover!
 More firmness discover;
 Take courage, nor here longer mope;
 Resist and be free,
 Run riot like me,
 And to perfect the picture clope.

S O N G LXXXV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice,

Let parents rule, cry nature's laws;
 And children still obey;
 And is there then no saving clause,
 Against tyrannic sway.

S O N G LXXXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

WHEN once love's subtle poison gains,
A passage to the female breast ;
Like lightning rushing through the veins,
Each wish, and ev'ry thought's posselt.

To heal the pangs our minds endure,
Reason in vain its skill applies ;
Nought can afford the heart a cure,
But is pleasing to the eyes,

S O N G LXXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

OH! had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain ;
In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
My sheep upon the plain !
What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know ?
Ye envious pow'rs ! why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low ?

S O N G LXXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

GENTLE youth, ah ! tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly ;
Cease,

Cease, oh! cease to persevere,
 Speak not what I must not hear,
 To my heart its ease restore,
 Go and never see me more.

S O N G LXXXIX.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks,

STILL in hopes to get the better
 Of my stubborn flame I try,
 Swear this moment to forget her,
 And the next my oath deny,
 Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
 Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
 And confess myself a slave.

S O N G XC.

Sung by Mr. Morris.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
 Liv'd on the river Dee;
 He work'd, and sung, from morn to night,
 No lark more blythe than he.
 And this the burthen of his song,
 For ever us'd to be,
 I care for nobody, no not I,
 If no one cares for me.

S O N G XCI.

Sung by Mr. Morris.

LET gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate,

From

From pleasure to pleasure they run ;
 Well, who cares a jot,
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.
 For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light,
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

S O N G X C I I.

Sung by Mr. Morris.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
 From fraud, disguise, and guile,
 Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
 Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave
 Is but an empty thing ;
 What more than mirth would mortals have ?
 The chearful man's a king.

S O N G X C I I I.

Sung by Mr. Dunstall.

WE L L, well, say no more,
 Sure you told me before ;
 I see the full length of my tether ;
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school ?
 I can spell you and put you together.

A word to the wife,
 Will always suffice ;
 Addsniggards go talk to your parrot ;
 I'm not such an elf,
 Though I say it myself,
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

S O N G XCIV.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks,

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part .
 Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall ;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.

What is grandeur ? foe to rest :
 Childish mummery at best ;
 Happy I am in humble state ;
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

S O N G XCV.

Sung by Mrs. Baker.

HOW happy were my days, till now :
 I ne'er did sorrow feel,
 I rose with joy to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh the fool, the filly, filly fool,
 Who trusts what man may be ;
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

S O N G X C V I.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

WE women like weak Indians trade,
 Whose judgment tinsel shew decoys ;
 Dupes to our folly we are made,
 While artful man the gain enjoys :
 We give our treasure to be paid,
 A paltry, poor return ! in toys,

S O N G X C V I I.

Sung by Mr. Dyer.

THINK, my fairest, how delay,
 Danger every moment brings ;
 Time flies swift, and will away ;
 Time that's ever on the wing :
 Doubting and suspense at best,
 Lovers late repentance cost,
 Let us, eager to be blest,
 Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

S O N G XCVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

BELIEVE me, dear aunt,
 If you rave thus, and rant,
 You'll never a lover persuade ;
 The men will all fly,
 And leave you to die,
 Oh, terrible chance ! an old maid—

How happy the las, s,
 Must she come to this pass,
 Who antient virginity 'scapes :
 'Twere better on earth
 Have five brats at a birth
 Than in hell be a leader of apes.

S O N G XCIX.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

WHEN I follow'd a las that was froward
 and shy,
 Oh! I stuck to her stuff, 'till I made her comply ;
 Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
 And I smack'd her lips, and I held her fast :
 When hugg'd and haul'd,
 She squeal'd and squall'd ;
 But though she vow'd all I did was in vain,
 Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again,
 Then hoity, toity,
 Whisking, frisking,
 Green was her grown upon the grass ;
 Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.

S O N G

S O N G C.

Sung by Mr. Dyer.

LET rakes and libertines resign'd
 To sensual pleasures range!
 Here all the sex's charms I find,
 And ne'er can cool or change.

Let vain coquets and prudes conceal
 What most their hearts desire;
 With pride my passion I reveal,
 Oh! may it ne'er expire.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
 The stars their orbits leave;
 And fair creation sink in night,
 When I my dear deceive.

S O N G C I.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

HOW blest'd the maid, whose bosom
 No head-strong passion knows;
 Her days in joy she passes.

Her nights in calm repose.
 Where'er her fancy leads her,
 No pain, no fear invades her;
 But pleasure,
 Without measure,
 From ev'ry object flows.

S O N G CII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

IN vain I ev'ry art essay,
 To pluck th'envenom'd shaft away,
 That rankles in my heart ;
 Deep in the center fix'd, and bound,
 My efforts but enlarge the wound,
 And fiercer make the smart.

S O N G CIII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

OH ! how shall I in language weak,
 My ardent passion tell ;
 Or form my falt'ring tongue to speak,
 That cruel word, farewell !
 Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
 My thoughts can never stray :
 Go where I will, my constant heart
 Must with my charmer stay.

S O N G CIV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid :
 Would you hurt a harmless maid ?
 Lead an innocent astray ?
 Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.
 Men too often we believe ;
 And, should you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break.

S O N G

S O N G C V.

Sung by Mr. Morris.

ONS! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle
 like this ;
 What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss ?
 The greatest and gravest—a truth with grimace--
 Would do the same thing, were they in the same
 place.

No age, no profession, no station is free ;
 To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee :
 That power, resistless, no strength can oppose :
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

S O N G C V I.

Sung by Mr. Morris.

MY Dolly was the fairest thing !
 Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring ;
 And if for summer you would seek,
 'Twas planted in her eye, her cheek :
 Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
 Of fruitful autumn was the type :
 But, when my tender tale I told,
 I found her heart was winter cold.

S O N G C V I I.

Sung by Mr. Dunstall.

WAS ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a
 vixen ?
 Zawns ! Madge don't provoke me, but mind-
 what I say ;

H 3

You've

You've chose a wrong parson for playing your
tricks on,
So pack up your alls, and be trudging away :
You'd better be quiet,
And not breed a riot ;
S'blood must I stand prating with you here all
day ?
I've got other matters to mind ;
May hap you may think me an afs ;
But to the contrary you'll find,
A fine piece of work, by the mafs !

S O N G C V I I I .

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

C E A S E, gay seducers, pride to take,
In triumphs o'er the fair ;
Since clowns as well can act the rake,
As those in higher sphere.
Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
Shall hapless beauty go ?
In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state,
Poor woman finds a toe.

S O N G C I X .

Sung by Mrs. Baker.

S I N C E Hodge proves ungrateful, no farther
I'll seek,
But go up to town in the waggon next week ;
A service in London is no such disgrace,
And the register office will get me a place :

Bet

Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a
friend ;

Folks say, in her silks she's now standing an end !
Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune, as other girls do ?

S O N G CX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art ;
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th' excess of the heart :
If ought of substantial delight,
On this side the stars can be found,
'Tis sure when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

S O N G CXI.

Sung by Mr. Morris.

THE world is a well-furnish'd table,
Where guests are promisc'ously set ;
We all fare as well as we're able,
And scramble for what we can get.
My simile holds to a tittle,
Some gorge while some scarce have a taste ;
But if I'm content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feast.

S O N G

S O N G CXII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

'T I S not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the soul convey ;
Minds possess superior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
Like the sun true merit shews ;
By nature warm, by nature bright ;
With inbred flames, he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

S O N G CXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

T H E traveller benighted,
And led thro' wary ways,
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn surveys.
The rising prospects viewing,
Each look is forward cast ;
He smiles, his course pursuing,
Nor thinks of what is past.

S O N G CXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

I F ever a fond inclination
Rose in your bosom to rob you of rest ;
Reflect with a little compassion,
On the soft pangs, which prevail'd in my
breast.

Oh

Oh where, where would you fly me ?
 Can you deny me, thus torn and distressed ?
 Think, when my lover is by me,
 Would I, how cou'd I, refuse his request ?
 Kneeling before you, let me implore you ;
 Look on me sighing, crying, dying ;
 Ah ! is there no language can move ?
 If I have been too complying,
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

S O N G CXV.

Sung by Mr. Dunstall.

A Plague of those wenches, they make such a
 pother,
 When once they have let'n a man have his will;
 They're always a whining for something or other,
 And cry, he's unkind in his carriage ;
 What tho'f he speaks them ne'er so fairly,
 Still they keep teasing teasing on :
 You cannot persuade 'em,
 'Till promise you've made 'em ;
 And after they've got it,
 They tell you—odd rot it,
 Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone ;
 And then, to be sure, sir,
 There is but one cure, sir,
 And all their discourse is of marriage.

S O N G CXVI.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

HOW much superior beauty awes
 The coldest bosoms find ;

But

But with resistless force it draws,
 To sense and sweetness join'd.
 The casket, where, to outward shew,
 The workman's art is seen,
 Is doubly valu'd, when we know
 It holds a gem within.

S O N G CXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

W H E N we see a lover languish,
 And his truth and honour prove,
 Ah ! how sweet to heal his anguish,
 And repay him love for love.

S O N G CXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Morris.

I F ever I'm catch'd in those regions of smoke,
 That seat of confusion and noise,
 May I ne'er know the sweets of a slumber un-
 broke,

Nor the pleasure the country enjoys.

Nay more, let them take me to punish my sin,
 Where, gaping, the Cockneys they fleece,
 Clap me up with their monsters, cry, masters
 walk in,
 And shew me for two-pence a-piece.

S O N G

S O N G CXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

GO, naughty man, I can't abide you;
Are then your vows so soon forgot?
Ah! now I see, if I had try'd you,
What would have been my hopeful lot.

But here I charge you—make them happy;
Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss:
Come, be a dear good-natur'd pappy,
And I'll reward you with a kiss.

S O N G CXX.

Sung by Mr. Morris.

HENCE with cares, complaints, and frown-
ing,
Welcome jollity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ:
Let's to friendship do our duty;
Laugh and sing some good old strain,
Drink a health to love and beauty—
May they long in triumph reign.

The

The FAVOURITE SONGS in
THOMAS AND SALLY,
A COMIC OPERA.
By Mr. BICKERSTAFFE.

S O N G CXXI.

Composed by Dr. ARNE.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO.

MY time how happy once, and gay !
Oh ! blithe I was as blithe could be :
But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day !
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
Though all their arts are lost on me ;
For I can never love but one,
And he, alas ! is gone to sea.

They bid me to the wake, the fair,
To dances on the neighb'ring Lee ;
But how can I in pleasure share,
While my true love is out at sea ?

The flowers droop till light's return,
The pidgeon mourns its absent she ;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
'Till my true love comes back from sea.

S O N G

S O N G CXXII.

Sung by Mrs. Thompson.

THE May-day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, for dancing, and show;
 Then why will you waste such a treasure,
 In sighing, and crying—heigho!

Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low;
 Fly round, and coquet it as she does,
 And never sit crying—heigho!

Though when in the arms of a lover,
 It sometimes may happen, I know,
 That, ere all our toying is over,
 We cannot help crying—heigho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes,
 I find to my sorrow 'tis so;
 When old, you may cry till your heart breaks,
 But no one will mind you—heigho!

S O N G CXXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
 As great as any monarch, he;
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs! I ask not wealth;
 Grant me but innocence and health.
 Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

S O N G CXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Thompson.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was
like me?

So warton, so airy, and brisk as a bee ;
I rattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;
'Twas this, Sir—and that, Sir—but scarce ever
nay ;

And Sundays, drest out in my silks and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband—poor man !
Well, rest him, we all are as good as we can ;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws ;
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone ;
Egad I've a tongue—and I paid him his own.
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is un-
tow'rd,

Stand firm to our charter—and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
This time's a fore foe, there's no shunning his
dart ;

However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;
I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance ;
And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

S O N G

S O N G CXXV.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

TH E echoing horn calls the sportsmen a-
broad,
To horse, my brave boys, and away ;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox !
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him : huzza !
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day !
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy ;
Dull wisdom all happiness sours :
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G CXXVI.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

WH E N late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I strove in vain,
My wild desires to rally ;
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange ! no longer seek to roam ;
They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy :

Can love with ruin tally ?

By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I wou'd all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, Oh come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,

Or lillies of the valley ;

Oh follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

S O N G CXXVII.

By Mr. Mattocks, and Mrs. Pinto

'Squire.

COME, come, my dear girl, I must not be
deny'd ;

Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it
away :

I'll give you this purse too ; and, hark you, be-
side, [day.

We'll kiss and we'll toy all the long summer's

Sally.

Of kissing and toying you soon would be tir'd,

Oh ! should hapless Sally consent to be naught !
Besides, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd ;

The heart's not worth gaining which is to be
bought.

'Squire.

'Squire.

Perhaps you're afraid of the world's busy tongue:
But know, above scandal you then shall be
put ;
And laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
At draggle-tail Chastity walking afoot.

Sally.

If only thro' fear of the world I was shy,
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown ;
Its pardon 'twere easy with money to buy ;
But how, tell me how, I shall purchase my
own.

'Squire.

Leave morals to grey-beards, these lips were de-
sign'd
For better employment.

Sally.

I will not endure——

'Squire.

Oh fye, child ! Love bids you be rich, and be
kind.

Sally.

But Virtue commands me—be honest and poor.

S O N G CXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

F R O M ploughing the ocean, and thrashing
Monfieur,
In Old England we're landed once more ;

Your hands, my brave shipmates, halloo boys,
what cheer;

For a sailor that's just come on shore ?

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no
doubt,

And to cut us and slash us—morblieu !

But hold there, avast, they were plaguily out,
We have sic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence
know,

Yon invaders shall soon do you right ;

The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock
crow,

But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,

Your damn'd party and idle contest :

And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea-faring spark, if the maids can affect,

Bid the simpering gypsies look to't ;

Sound bottoms they'll find us in ev'ry respect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
Have more art to persuade, and the like ;

But wear those fair colours, for better for worse,
Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now, long the King, may he prosperous reign,
Of no power, no faction afraid ;

May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compass display'd.

No

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm ;
 Steady, steady and safe may she fail ;
 No ignorant pilots e'er sit at the helm,
 Or her anchor of liberty fail.

S O N G CXXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Thompson.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with
 a lass,
 Learn how the affair's to be done ;
 For if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
 You'll lose her as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all
 that,
 As far as you please you may run ;
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a
 pat,
 But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine,
 But mark you the consequence, mun ;
 The baggage will think herself really divine,
 And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no opportunity shun ;
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll
 cry out,
 But mum——she's as sure as a gun.

S O N G

S O N G CXXX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

Auspicious spirits, guard my love,
 In time of danger near him bide :
 With out-spread wings around him move,
 And turn each random ball aside.
 And you his foes, though hearts of steel,
 Oh ! may you then with me accord ;
 A sympathetic passion feel,
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave ;
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep ;
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.
 Till Halcyon peace return'd, once more,
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
 My sailor views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

S O N G CXXXI.

*By Mr. Mattocks and Mrs. Pinto.**'Squire.*

WELL met, pretty maid ;
 Nay, don't be afraid ;
 I mean you no mischief, I vow ;
 Psha ! what is't you ail ?
 Come, give me your pail,
 And I'll carry it up to your cow.

Sally.

Sally.

Pray let it alone,
 I've hands of my own,
 Nor need yours to help me—forbear !
 How can you persist ?
 I won't, Sir, be kist,
 Nor teaz'd thus—go trifle elsewhere.

'Squire.

In yon lonely grove,
 I saw an alcove,
 All round the sweet violet springs ;
 And there was a thrush,
 Hard by in a bush,
 'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.

Sally.

But hark ! pry'thee hark !
 Look yonder's a lark !
 It warbles and pleases me so,
 To hear the soft tale,
 O' th' sweet nightingale,
 I would not be tempted to go.

'Squire.

Then here we'll sit down ;
 Come, come, never frown !
 No longer my bliss I'll retard ;
 Kind Venus shall spread,
 Her veil over head,
 And the little rogue Cupid keep guard.

SONG

S O N G CXXXII.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, Mr. Beard, and
Mrs. Pinto.*

'Squire.

SAUCY rascal, this intrusion
You shall answer to your cost ;
Bully'd !—scandaliz'd—confusion !
All my schemes and wishes crost.

Thomas.

Hark you, master, keep your distance ;
'Sblood, take notice what I say :
There's the channel, no resistance,
Tack about, and bear away.

Sally.

Would you wrest our freedom from us ?
Now my heart has lost its fear.
Oh ! my best, my dearest Thomas,
Sure some angel brought you here.

'Squire.

Since her paltry inclination
Stoops to such a thing as you,
Thus I make a recantation,
Wretched, foolish girl, adieu !

S O N G CXXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

BEhold from many a hostile shore,
And all the dangers of the main,

When

When billows mounr, and tempests roar,
 Your faithful Tom's return'd again :
 Returns, and with him brings a heart
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
 How sweet to tread our native soil,
 With conquest to return at last,
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil !
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.

S O N G CXXXIV.

By Mr. Beard and Mrs. Pinto.

Thomas.

LET fops pretend in flames to melt,
 And talk of pangs they never felt ;
 I speak without disguise or art,
 And with my hand bestow my heart.

Sally.

Let ladies prudishly deny,
 Look cold, and give their thoughts the lye ;
 I own the passion in my breast,
 And long to make my lover blest.

Thomas.

For this the sailor, on the mast,
 Endures the cold and cutting blast ;
 All dripping wet, wears out the night,
 And braves the fury of the fight.

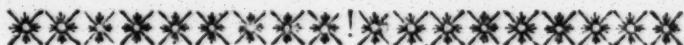
Sally.

Sally.

For this the virgin pines and sighs,
With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes;
Till sweet reverse of joys she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

Both.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind;
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.



The Favourite Songs in THE PADLOCK,

A COMIC OPERA.

By Mr. BICKERSTAFFE.

The Music by Mr. Dibdin.

S O N G CXXXV.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

THOUGHTS to counsel—let me see—
Hum—to be, or not to be,
A husband is the question.
A cuckold, must that follow?
Say what men will,
Wedlock's a pill,
Bitter to swallow,
And hard of digestion.

But

But fear makes the danger seem double.
 Sav, Hymen, what mischief can trouble
 My peace, should I venture to try you ?
 My doors shall be lock'd,
 My windows be block'd ;
 No male in my house,
 Not so much as a mouse ;
 Then, horns, horns, I defy you.

S O N G CXXXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Dorman.

I Know the world, Sir, tho' I fay't :
 I'm cautious and wise,
 And they who surprize
 My prudence nodding,
 Must sit up late.
 Never fear, Sir,
 Your safety's here, Sir ;
 Yes, yes,
 I'll answer for Miss :
 Let me alone,
 I warrant my care
 Shall weigh to a hair
 As much as your own.

S O N G CXXXVII.

By Miss Radley.

SAY, little, foolish, flutt'ring thing,
 Whither, ah ! whither would you wing
 Your airy flight :
 Stay here, and sing
 Your mistress to delight.

K

No

No, no, no,

Sweet Robin, you shall not go :
Where, you wanton, could you be
Half so happy as with me ?

S O N G CXXXVIII.

By Mr. Bannister.

BY some I am told,
That I'm wrinkled and old,
But I will not believe what they say :
I feel my blood mounting,
Like streams in a fountain,
That merrily sparkle and play.

For love I have will,
And ability still ;
Odsbobs, I can scarcely refrain !
My diamond, my pearl——
Well, be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.

S O N G CXXXIX.

By Miss Radley.

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.
Or would some bird, that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My parents then might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold :
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all away I'd fly.

S O N G

S O N G CXL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

HITHER, Venus, with your doves,
 Hither, all ye little loves;
 Round me light, your wings display,
 And bear a lover on his way.

Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,
 Transform myself to show'ry gold;
 Or in a swan my passion shroud,
 Or wrap it in an orient cloud:
 What locks, what bars should then impede,
 Or keep me from my charming maid!

S O N G CXLI.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

DEAR heart, what a terrible life am I led,
 A dog has a better that's shelter'd and fed:
 Night and day 'tis de same,
 My pain is der game;
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

What e'ers to be done,
 Poor black must run;
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,
 Mungo evey where;
 Above and below,
 Sirrah come, Sirrah go,
 Do so, and do so.
 Oh! oh!
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

S O N G CXLII.

Sung by Mrs. Dorman.

W H E N a woman's front is wrinkled,
And her hairs are sprinkled
With grey,
Lackaday !
How her lovers fall away !



Like fashions past,
Aside she's cast,
No one respect will pay :
Remember,
Lasses, remember,
And while the sun shines make hay ;
You must not expect in December
The flowers you gather'd in May.

S O N G CXLIII.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

L E T me, when my heart a sinking :
Hear de sweet guitarr a chinking ;
When a string speak,
Such moofic he make,
Me soon am cur'd of tinkling.

Wid de toot, toot, toot,
Of a merry flute,
And cymbalo,
And tymbalo,
To boot,
We dance and we sing,
Till we make a house ring,
And, tied in his garters, old Massa may swing.

S O N G

S O N G CXLIV.

Sung by Miss Radley.

OH me, oh me, what shall we do !
The fault is all along of you :
You brought him in, why did you so ?
Twas not by my desire you know.

We have but too much cause to fear,
My guardian, when he comes to hear
We've had a man with us, will kill
Me, you, and all ; indeed he will.
No penitence will pard'n procure,
He'll kill us ev'ry soul I'm sure.

S O N G CXLV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

IN vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny,
Give me your smiles, your wishes give
To him who must without you die.

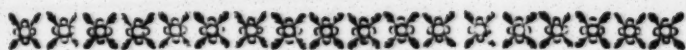
Shut from the sun's enliv'ning beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their cent and hue ;
Its source dry'd up. bid flow the stream.
And me exist depriv'd of you,

S O N G CXLVI.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

O Wherefore this terrible flury !
My spirits are all in a hurry !
And above and below,
From my top to my toe,
Are running about hurry scurry.

My heart in my bosom a bumping,
Goes thumping,
And jumping,
And thumping :
Is't a spectre I see !
Hence, vanish, ah me !
My senses deceive me,
Soon reason will leave me ?
What a wretch am I destin'd to be.



The favourite Songs in the BURLETTA *in*
M I D A S.

S O N G CXLVII.

J O V E, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord-May'r,
With his nods
Men and Gods
Keeps in awe ;
When he winks
Heaven shrinks,
When he speaks
Hell squeaks ;
Earth's globe is but his taw,
Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule,
His word
Tho' absurd
Must be law.
Even fate,
Tho' so great,
Must not prate ;
His bald pate
Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,

For

For a straw.
 Cow'd deities,
 Like mice in cheese,
 To stir must cease,
 Or gnaw.

S O N G CXLVIII.

Sung by Miss Oglivie.

THINK not lewd Jove
 Thus to wrong my chaste love,
 For spite of your rakehelly godhead,
 By day and by night,
 Juno will have her right,
 Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.
 I'll ferret the haunts
 Of your female gallants,
 In vain you in darkness inclose them,
 Your favourite jades,
 I'll plunge to the shades,
 Or into cows metamorphose them.

S O N G CXLXIX.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

BE by your friends advised,
 Too harsh, too hasty dad !
 Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
 The world will think you mad.

What worse can Bacchus teach men,
 His roaring bucks, when drunk, &
 Than break the lamps, beat watchmen
 And stagger to some punk.

S O N G

S O N G C L.

Sung by Mr. Baker.

SINCE you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog ;
You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep and feed the hog.

With three crowns, your standing wages
You shall daintily be fed ;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and oaten bread.

Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And when daily work is over
We'll all dance to your strum, strum.

S O N G C L.

Sung by Mrs. Thompson.

GIRLS are known
To mischief prone,
If ever they be idle.
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle :
For here they skip.
And there they trip,
And this and that way fiddle.

Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,

All

All after men are gadding ;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding ;
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop
And set their mothers madding.

S O N G CLII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

P R A Y, goody, please to moderate the ran-
cour of your tongue :
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes ?
Remember when the judgment's weak, the pre-
judice is strong
A stranger why will you despise ?
Ply me
Try me
Prove, ere you deny me :
If you cast me
Off, you blast me
Never more to rise.

S O N G CLIII.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

S H A L L a paultry clown, not fit to wipe my
shoes,
Dare my amours to cross ?
Shall a peasant minx when justice Midas woos,
Her nose up at him toss ?

No,

No, I'll kidnap—then possess her.
I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange ;

So glut to the height of pleasure
My love and my revenge.

No, I'll kidnap, &c.

S O N G CLIV.

JUPITER wenchs and drinks
He rules the roast in the sky,
Yet he's a fool if he thinks
That he's as happy as I.
Juno rates him
And grates him
And leads his highness a weary life ;
I have my lass,
And my glass,
And stole a batchelor's merry's life.
Let him fluster
And bluster,
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbello ;
To my fair tulips,
I glew lips,
And clink the cannikin here below.

S O N G CLV.

Sung by Mr. Barnshaw.

ALL around the maypole how they trot,
Hot
Pot
And good ale have got ;

Routing

Routing
 Shouting
 At you flouting,
 Fleering,
 Jeering,
 And what not.
 There is old Sileno frisks like a mad
 Lad,
 Glad
 To see us sad,
 Cap'ring,
 Vap'ring,
 While Pol, scraping,
 Coaxes
 The doxies
 As he did the dad.

S O N G CLVI.

Sung by Mr. Barnshaw.

SURE I shall run with vexation distracted,
 To see my purposes thus counteracted !
 This way or that way, or which way soever,
 All things run contrary to my endeavour.
 Daughters projecting
 Their ruin and shame ;
 Fathers neglecting
 The care of their fame ;
 Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper ;
 Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper,

S O N G CLVII.

Sung by Mrs. Baker.

HE's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er slept in leather shoe !
And, what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye
I defy what she can do,
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll no doubt, my steps pursue :
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him ;
If he's false—I'll fit him too.

S O N G CLVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Baker.

IF you can caper, as well as you modulate
With the addition of that pretty face,
Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o'
late,
Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.

His beard so frowzy, his gestures so awkward are,
And his bagpipe has so drawsy a drone,
That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
You may count on all the girls as your own.

S O N G CLXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Baker, and Mrs. Mattocks.

Bak. **M**Y minikin mis, do you fancy that
 Pol

Can ever be caught by an infant's dol ?

Mat. Can you mis Maypole, suppose he will fall
 In love with the giants of Guild-hall ?

Bak. Pigmy elf,

Mat. Colossus itself,

Both. You will lie till you're mouldy upon the
 shelf.

Bak. You slump o' th' gutter, you hop o' my
 thumb,

A husband for you must from Lilliput come.

Mat. You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
 Your husband must come from Brobdignag.

Bak. Sour grapes,

Mat. Lead apes,

Both. I'll humble your vanity, mistress Trapes.

Bak. Miss your assurance,

Mat. And miss your high airs,

Bak. Is past all indurance.

Mat. Are at their last pray'rs.

Bak. No more of those freedoms, miss Nyfa, I
 beg.

Mat. Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a
 peg.

Bak. } Poor spite !

Mat. } Pride hurt !

Bak. } Liver white !

Mat. } Rare sport !

Bak.

(III)

Bak. } Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but
 } you can't bite.
Mat. } This haughtiness soon will be laid in
 } the dirt.
 } Poor spite, &c.
 } Pride hurt, &c.

S O N G CLX.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

O What pleasure will abound
When my wife is laid in ground !
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her
When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh how happy should I be,
Would little Nyfa pig with me !
How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nyfa pig with me.

S O N G CLXI.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

NE'ER will I be left i' the lurch ;
Cease your bribes and wheedling ;
'Till I'm made a bride i' the church
I'll keep man from meddling.
What are riches
And soft speeches ?
Baits and fetches

To bewitch us ;
 When you've won us
 And undone us,
 Cloy'd you shun us,
 Frowning on us,
 For our heedless piddling.

S O N G CLXII.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

IF into your hen yard
 The treacherous reynard
 Steals sily, your poultry to ravage,
 With gun you attack him,
 With beagles you track him,
 All's fair to destroy the fell savage.

So Pol, who comes picking
 Up my tender chicken,
 No means do I scuple to banish :
 With pow'r I'll o'erbear him,
 With fraud I'll ensnare him,
 By hook or by crook he shall vanish.

S O N G CLXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

IN those greasy old tatters
 His charms brighter shine ;
 Then his guitar he clatters
 With tinkling divine :
 But, my sister,
 Ah ! he kiss'd her,

And

And me he pass'd by ;
 I'm jealous
 Of the fellow's
 Bad taste and blind eye.

S O N G CLXIV.

*Sung by Shuter, Mr. Dunstall, and Mrs.
 Thompson.*

- Shu.* **M**ASTER Pol
 And his toll-de-roll-rol.
 I'll buffet away from the plain, fir.
- Dunst.* And I'll assist
 Your worship's fist
 With all my might and main, fir ;
- Thom.* And I'll have a thump,
 Though he's so plump,
 And makes such a woundy racket.
- Shu.* I'll bluff.
- Dunst.* I'll rough,
- Thom.* I'll huff,
- Shut.* I'll cuff.
- Om.* And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.
- Shu.* For all his cheats,
 And wench'ng feats,
 He shall rue on his knees 'em,
 Or skip, by goles.
 As high as Paul's,
 Like ugly witch on besom ;
 Arraign'd he shall be,
 Of treason to me !
- Dunst.* And I with my davy will back it ;
 I'll swear,

Shu. I'll snare,

Thom. I'll tear.

Omn. O rare!

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

SONG CLXV.

Sung by Mr. Baker, and Mr. Barnshaw.

Barn. IF a rival thy character draw,
In perfection he'll find out a flaw;
With black he will paint,
Make a de'il of a saint,
And change to an owl a maccaw.

Bak. Can a father pretend to be wise
Who his friends good advice will despise!
Who, when danger is nigh,
Throws his spectacles by
And blinks thro' a green girl's eyes!

Barn. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

Bak. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub.
Your betters you snub.

Barn. Who will lend me a club,
This insolent puppy to drub?
You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

Bak. You're cajol'd by a beggerly scrub.

Barn. Who will rot in a powdering tub.

Bak. Whom the prince of impostors I dub.

Barn. A guinea for a club,

Bak. Your bald pate you'll rub

Barn. This muckworm to drub.

Bak. When you find that your cub

Barn. Rub off, firrah, rub firrah, rub,

Bak. Is debauch'd by a whipt syllabub.

SONG

S O N G CLXVI.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

WHAT the devil's here to do,
Ye logger-heads, and gypsies ?
Sirrah you, and huffey you,
And each of you tipsey is,
But I'll as sure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.

S O N G CLXVII.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

NOW I'm seated,
I'll be treated
Like the Sophi on his throne,
In my presence,
Scoundrel peasants
Shall not call their soul's their own,
My behest is,
He who best it,
Shall be fix'd musician chief :
Ne'er the loser,
Shall shew nose here,
But be transported like a thief.

S O N G CLXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Dunstall.

A Fox of your pother about this or that,
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a
flat ;

I'm

I'm sharp by my bumpers; you're flat master
Pol;

So here goes a fet-to at toll-de-roll-loll.

When beauty her pack of poor lovers would
hamper,

And after miss Will o' the Whisp the fools
scamper,

Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol;
Pray what's all this fuss for but—toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley—a chance medley
race;

All start in full cry to give dame Fortune chase;
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss luck is
all,

And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too
long,

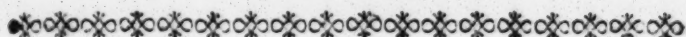
I only meant life is but an old song;
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,
Where all act the scene of toll-loll-deroll.

SONG CLXIX.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

A H, happy hours, how fleeting
Ye danc'd on down away;
When my soft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay!

But from her charms when sunder'd
As Midas, frowns presage,
Each hour will seem an hundred,
Each day appear an age.



The favourite Songs in the Serenata, called,

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

Performed at Mary-le Bone Gardens.

S O N G C L X X .

WHEN setting Phœbus leaves the sky,
To some sequester'd shade I fly ;
There to the silent groves proclaim
What, elsewhere, I'd blush to name.

Kind Echo, ev'ry vale along,
Gives back the burthen of my song ;
And birds attune their woo-fraught lay,
To suit the griefs of Florida.

Here, free from ev'ry curious eye,
My breast can heave the smother'd sigh ;
Reliev'd from each intruder, here
My eyes can drop th' imprison'd tear.

The streams that fall, the wind that blows,
Will ne'er unfold my tender woes ;
And, ah ! I find 'tis some relief,
To give a loose to boundless grief.

S O N G

S O N G CLXXI.

SINCE now in man's deceitful breast
 No more fair honour stands confest ;
 But 'tis become their hateful boast,
 Who most shall wrong, and ruin most :
 Ye fair—oh ! let not Cupid's dart
 Invade the unsuspecting heart ;
 But arm yourselves with virtuous pride,
 And soon his arrows turn aside.

Heed not the flatt'ring things they say,
 Who court you not, but to betray ;
 And swear, that on each feature glows,
 The lilly, and the blushing rose :
 (Alas !) when pluck'd,—in virtue's eye,
 'The roses fade, the lillies die ;
 And e'en the wretch that could betray,
 Now throws 'em like a weed away.

S O N G CLXXII.

ERE Love did first my thoughts employ,
 Returning day still saw me blest ;
 Each happy hour came wing'd with joy,
 And night was crown'd with balmy rest.

But now (alas !) no longer gay,
 I rise to hail the chearful light ;
 I sit and sigh the live-long day,
 And pats in tears the sleepless night.

Come, lovely Strephon, hither haste,
 Sure thou hast long perceiv'd my mind ;
 I fear my words I vainly waste,
 That thou art cruel and unkind.

Or,

Or, if some maid of happier fate,
 More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I;
 Oh! free me from this anxious state.
 Pronounce my fate, and let me die.

S O N G CLXXIII.

WHEN I was a young man, I long'd
 To know what the world was a doing,
 To London with others I throng'd,
 Nor knew well what I was pursuing:
 But, good lack-a-day, what a din!
 I thro' the croud could scarcely baffle—
 In every place I was in,
 To pass the folks I had a tussle.

But what I did mostly admire,
 Was the busy air of each creature;
 Which seem'd so their thoughts to inspire,
 Dull care was impress'd on each feature.—
 In highest and lowest degree,
 Odzookers! in every station,
 They all politicians would be,
 And govern and fettle the nation.

I found it a folly to roam,
 Such hurry and bustle was teasing;
 The joys I had tasted at home
 A thousand times sure was more pleasing.—
 So back to our hamlet I came,
 And enter'd in Hymen's soft fetters
 With Dolly, my fond loving dame,
 And left care and strife to my betters.



The favourite Songs in CYMON.

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

The Music composed by Dr. ARNE.

SONG CLXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley.

WHAT is knowledge, and beauty, and
power,
Or what is my magical art ?
Can I for a day, for an hour,
Have beauty to make the youth kind,
Have pow'r o'er his mind,
Or knowledge to warm his cold heart :
O ! no—a weak boy all my magic disarms,
And I fight all the day with my pow'r and my
charms.

SONG CLXXV.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley.

HITHER, all my spirits, bend,
With your magic powers attend,

Chafe

Chafe the mists that cloud his mind :
Musick, melt the frozen boy,
Raise his soul to love and joy :
Dulness makes the heart unkind.

S O N G CLXXVI.

By Miss Rogers.

O ! why will you call me again,
'Tis in vain, 'tis in vain ;
The pow'rs of a god
Cannot quicken this clod,
Alas !—It is labour in vain :
O Venus ! my mother, some new object give
her !
This blunts all my arrows, and empties my
quiver.

S O N G CLXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage ;
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it.
Oh how did it flutter and rage !
Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den ;
Then so merry was he,
And because he was free,
He came to his cage back again.

S O N G CLXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

OH liberty, liberty ! dear happy liberty !
Nothing's like thee !
So merry are we,
My linnet and I.
From prison we're free,
Away we will fly,
To liberty, liberty,
Nothing's like thee !

S O N G CLXXIX.

Sung by Mr. King.

CARE flies from the lad that is merry,
Who's heart is as sound
And cheeks are as round,
As round, and as red as a cherry.

S O N G CLXXX.

Sung by Mr. King.

I Laugh and sing,
I am blithsom and free,
The rogue's little sting,
It can never reach me :
For with fal, la, la, la !
And ha, ha, ha, ha !
It can never reach me.

My skin is so tough,
 Or so blinking is he,
 He can't pierce my buff,
 Or he misses poor me.

For with fal, la, la, la!
 And ha, ha, ha, ha!
 He misses poor me.

O, never be dull,
 By the sad willow tree :
 Of mirth be brim full,
 And run over like me.

For with fal, la, la, la!
 And ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Run over me.

SONG CLXXXI.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

ALL amaze!
 Wonder, Praise,
 Here for ever could I gaze!
 Creep still near it,
 Yet I fear it,
 I can neither stay, nor go,
 Can't forsake it,
 Dare not wake it,
 Shall I touch it?—no, no, no

Cymon, sure thou art possesst,
 Something's got into thy breast,
 Strangely feeling,
 Gently stealing,

M 2

And

And my heart is panting so,
 I'm sad and merry, sick and well,
 What it is I cannot tell,
 Makes me thus—heigho ! heigho.

S O N G CLXXXII.

Sung by Miss Radley.

YET a while, sweet sleep, deceive me,
 Fold me in thy downy arms,
 Let not care awake to grieve me,
 Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
 Quitting young the parent's nest,
 Find each bird, a bird of prey,
 Sorrow knows not where to rest.

S O N G CLXXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

WHAT exquisite pleasure !
 This sweet treasure,
 From me they shall never, sever ;
 In thee, in thee,
 My charmer I see ;
 I'll sigh, and carefs thee,
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee,
 Thus, thus, to my bosom for ever, and ever.

S O N G LXXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley.

HENCE every hope, and every fear !
Awake, awake, my power and pride,
Let jealousy, stern jealousy appear !
With vengeance at her side !

Who scorns my charms, my power shall prove,
Revenge succeeds to slighted love !
Revenge ! — But oh, my sighing heart
With rebel love takes part ;
Now pants again with all her fears,
And drowns her rage in tears.

S O N G CLXXXV.

Sung by Miss Radley.

THESE flowers, like our hearts, are united
in one,
And are bound up so fast, that they can't be un-
done ;
So well are they blended, so beauteous to sight,
These springs from their union a tenfold delight ;
Nor poison, nor weed here, our passion to
warn ;
But sweet without briar, the rose without thorn.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

Sung by Miss Radley.

O Why should we sorrow, who never knew
fin !
Let smiles of content shew our rapture within :

This love has rais'd me, I now tread in a snare !
 He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care !

Each shepherdes views me with scorn and disdain ;

Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain :
 No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
 He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care !

S O N G CLXXXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Bradshaw.

WHEN I were young, tho' now am old,
 The men were kind and true ;
 But now they're grown so false and bold,
 What can a woman do ?
 Now what can a woman do ?
 For men are truly,
 So unruly
 I tremble at seventy-two !

When I were fair—tho' now so, so,
 No hearts were given to rove,
 Our pulses beat nor fast, nor slow,
 But all was faith, and love ;
 Now what can a woman do ?
 So unruly
 I tremble at seventy-two !

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. King.

IF she whisper the judge, be he ever so wise,
Tho' great and important his trust is ;
His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes
Will kick up the balance of justice.
If his passions are strong, his judgment grows
weak,
For love thro' his veins will be creeping
And his worship, when near to a round dimple
cheek,
Tho' he ought to be blind, will be peeping.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

Sung by Miss Radley.

FROM duty if the shepherd stray
And leave his flocks to feed,
The wolf will seize the harmless prey,
And innocence will bleed.

In me a harmless lamb behold,
Opprest with ev'ry fear ;
O guard, good shepherd, guard your fold,
For wicked wolves are near.

S O N G CXC.

Sung by Mr. King.

SING high derry derry,
The day is our own,
Be wise and be merry,
Let sorrow alone ;

Alter

Alter your tone,
 To high derry derry,
 Be wise and be merry,
 The day is our own.

S O N G CXCI.

Sung by Mr. Champness.

WHILE mortals charm their cares in sleep,
 And demons howl below,
 Urganda calls us from the deep;
 Arise ye sons of woe!
 Ever busy, ever willing,
 All those horrid tasks fulfilling,
 Which draw from mortal breasts the groan,
 And make their torments like his own.

S O N G CXCH.

By Mr. King.

WHEN peace here was reigning,
 And love without waining,
 Or care or complaining,
 Base passions disdaining;
 This was my way,
 With my pipe and my tabor,
 I laugh'd down the day,
 Nor envy'd the joys of a neighbour.

Now sad transformation
 Runs thro' the whole nation;
 Peace, love, recreation,
 All chang'd to vexation;

This,

This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

• While all are designing,
Their friends undermining;
To mischief inclining,
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

• *Omitted in the representation.*

S O N G CXCIH.

By Mrs. Abingdon.

TAX my tongue! it is a shame:
Merlin, sure, is much to blame,
Not to let it sweetly flow.
Yet the favours of the great,
And the silly maiden's fate,
Often follow, Yes or No.

Lack-a-day!
Poor Fatima!
Stinted so,
To Yes or No.

Should I want to talk and chat,
Tell Urganda this or that,
How shall I about it go?

Let

Let her ask me what she will,
 I must keep my clapper still,
 Striking only Yes or No.

Lack-a-day !
 Poor Fatima !
 Stinted so,
 'To Yes or no.

S O N G CXCIV.

Sung by Miss. Radley.

THIS cold flinty heart, it is you who have
 warm'd,
 You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;
 In vain against merit and Cymon I strove ;
 What's life without passion—sweet passion of
 love ?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
 From youth that is frost-nipt no raptures can
 flow ;
 Elysium to him but a desert will prove ;
 What's life without passion—sweet passion of
 love ?

The spring shou'd be warm, the young season be
 gay, [May,
 Her birds and her flowrets make blithsome sweet
 Love blesses the cottage, and sings through the
 grove ;
 What's life without passion—sweet passion of
 love ?

S O N G

S O N G CXC.V.

By Mr. Vernon.

C O M E on, come on,
A thousand to one,
I dare you to come on.
Tho' unpractis'd and young,
Love has made me stout and strong;
Has given me a charm,
Will not suffer me to fall;
Has steel'd my heart, and nerv'd my arm,
To guard my precious all.

S O N G CXC.VI.

By Mrs. Baddeley.

T H O' still of raging winds the sport,
My shipwreck'd heart shall gain the port;
Revenge, the pilot, steers her way;
No more of tenderness and love,
The eagle in her gripe has seiz'd the dove,
And thinks of nothing but her prey.

S O N G CXC.VII.

By Miss Radley.

T H O' various deaths surround me,
No terrors can confound me;
Protected from above,
I glory in my love!

Against

Against thy cruel might,
And in this dreadful hour,
I have a sure defence,
'Tis innocence,
That heav'nly right,
To smile on guilty power !



The Favourite Airs in the Serious Opera of
ARTAXERXES.

The Music composed by Dr. ARNE.

S O N G CXCVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

A DIEU, thou lovely youth,
Let hope thy fears remove ;
Preserve thy faith and truth,
But never doubt my love.

S O N G CXCIX.

By Mr. Tenducci.

A MID a thousand racking woes,
I pant, I tremble, and I feel,
Cold blood from ev'ry vein distill,
And clog my lab'ring heart.

I fee

* I see my fair one's lost repose,
And O! lament the fatal curse;
That he who gave me life cou'd thus
From virtue's laws depart.

* *This last stanza is omitted in the representation.*

S O N G C C.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

BEHOLD! on Lethe's dismal strand
Thy father's troubled spirit stand!
In his face what grief profound!
See he rolls his haggard eyes;
Hark! revenge! revenge he cries;
And points to his still bleeding wound:
Obey the call, revenge his death;
And calm his soul that gave thee breath.

S O N G C C I.

By Mr. Peretti.

FAIR Semira, lovely maid,
Cease in pity to upbraid
My oppress'd but constant heart:
Full sufficient are the woes,
Which my cruel stars impose;
Heav'n, alas! has done its part.

S O N G CCII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

WHEN real joy we miss,
'Tis some degree of bliss,
T' enjoy ideal pleasure,
And dream of hidden treasure.

The soldier dreams of wars,
And conquers without scars ;
The sailor in his sleep,
With safety ploughs the deep :

So I, thro' fancy's aid,
Enjoy my heavenly maid,
And blest with thee and love,
Am greater far than Jove.

S O N G CCIII.

By Mrs. Baker.

HOW hard is my fate,
How desp'rate my state,
When virtue and honour excite,
To suffer distress,
Contented to bless,
The object in whom I delight.
Yet 'midst all the woes
My soul undergoes,
Thro' virtue's too rigid decree ;
I'll scorn to complain,
If the force of my pain
Awaken his pity for me.

S O N G

S O N G CCIV.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

THY father! away, I renounce the soft claim;
Thou spot on my honour, thou blast to my
fame,
Let justice the traitor to punishment bring;
His father he lost when he murder'd his king.

S O N G CCV.

Sung by Mrs. Baker.

ACquit thee of this foul offence,
Return with spotless innocence;
Then shall my hapless brother see,
That never sister lov'd like me.

S O N G CCVI.

By Mr. Tenducci.

O Too lovely, too unkind,
If my lips no credit find;
Pierce my breast, my heart shall prove
Strong in virtue, firm in love;
Guiltless, wretched, left forlorn,
And worse than murder'd by thy scorn.

S O N G CCVII.

By Mrs. Pinto.

FLY, soft ideas, fly;
That neither tear nor sigh

My virtue may betray :
 Nature's great call,
 That governs all,
 A daughter must obey.
 Alas, my soul denies
 To hear revenge's cries ;
 Dare not, fond heart,
 To take his part,
 But drive his form away.

S O N G CCVIII.

By Mr. Peretti.

IN infancy our hopes and fears,
 Were to each other known ;
 And friendship in our riper years,
 Has twin'd our hearts in one.
 O clear him then from this offence,
 Thy love, thy duty prove ;
 Restore him with that innocence
 Which first inspired my love.

S O N G CCIX.

By Mr. Tenducci.

Disdainful you fly me,
 In anger exclaim ;
 All comfort deny me,
 And murder my fame.

No grief can the heart
 To pity incline,
 That bears not a part
 In sorrow like mine.

Nature's

Nature's tender plea is vain ;
Welcome then my chains again.

O rigour unjust !
O counsel accurst !
Ambition ill-plac'd,
My virtue disgrac'd ;
The pains I endure,
Death only can cure.

Disdainful you fly me,
In anger exclaim ;
All comfort deny me,
And murder my fame.

No grief can the heart
To pity incline,
That bears not a part
In sorrows like mine.

Nature's tender plea is pain ;
Welcome then my chains again.

S O N G CCX.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

TO sigh and complain,
Alike I disdain,
Contented my wish to enjoy ;
I scorn to reflect
On a lady's neglect,
Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,
I laugh at a fear,
And if my proud enemy yield,

The joy that remains
Is to lead her in chains,
And glean the rich spoils of the field.

S O N G CCXI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, love,
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create,
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind,
The weakness of my heart;
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take the traitor's part.

S O N G CCXII.

By Mrs. Baker.

IF the river's swelling waves
Overflow the usual bed,
Scarce th' affrighted peasant saves
From the flood his homely shed.

Tho' he stop one open shore,
Where the waters swiftly glide,
In an hundred places more
Rushes in th' impetuous tide.

S O N G

S O N G CCXIII.

Sung by Mr. Tenducci.

BY that belov'd embrace,
 By this my fond adieu,
 Deplore my hapless case,
 Condemn'd, alas ! for you.
 Appease my love, my truth commend,
 Yourself preserve, my king defend.
 My sentence I obey,
 To filial duty true ;
 And scarce have pow'r to say
 A long and last adieu !

S O N G CCXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

MONSTER, away !
 From chearful day ;
 To the gloomy desert fly :
 Paths explore,
 Where lions roar,
 And devouring tygers lie.
 Tho' for food,
 They wade in blood,
 All to save their young agree :
 Ev'ry creature,
 Fierce by nature,
 Harmless is compar'd to thee.

S O N G

S O N G CCXV.

Sung by Mrs. Baker.

THIS bosom, a stranger to rest,
 Resentment and pity assail,
As both for dominion contest,
 So both, to my sorrow, prevail ;

My heart, in this desperate state,
 To give each assailant its due,
Now bleeds for my brother's hard fate,
 And burns with resentment to you.

S O N G CCXVI.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

THOU, like the glorious sun,
 Thy splendid course shalt run :
 What tho' the night
 Obscure his light,
When prison'd in the west ;
 The day returns,
 Again he burns,
The god of day confess.

S O N G CCXVII.

Sung by Mr. Tenucci.

WATER parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide ;
To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or thro' fertile vallies glide :

Yet

Yet in search of lost repose,
 Doom'd, like me, forlorn to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native home.

S O N G CCXVIII.

By Mr. Peretti.

THO' oft a cloud, with envious shade,
 Conceals the face of day;
 The sun is still in flames array'd,
 His beams immortal, not decay'd;
 Soon the gloomy veil retires;
 He darts each pow'rful ray,
 And light and heat expires.

S O N G CCXIX.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

O, Much-lov'd son, if death
 Has stol'n thy vital breath,
 I'll share thy hapless fate;
 But ere the dagger drinks my blood,
 A murder'd King, at Lethe's flood,
 The tidings shall relate,

Bid Charon cease from toil,
 And rest upon his oar,
 'Till I attain the happy foil,
 Where we shall part no more.

SONG

S O N G CCXX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove ;
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine, by thy soft breast ;
 Nor with rancour, never ending.

Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove ;
 Spare a heart that's now expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend ;

I, alas ! at once have lost,
 Father, brother, lover, friend.

Let not rage, &c.

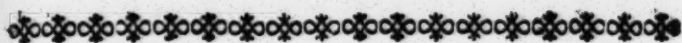
S O N G CCXXI.

By Mrs. Pinto.

'TIS not true, that in our grief,
 Others weeping in distress,
 To our troubles bring relief,
 Making each misfortune less.

No, when sore oppress'd by fate,
 Better 'tis to sigh alone,
 Than support a double weight,
 Others sorrows, and our own.

The



The FAVOURITE SONGS in
LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

A COMIC OPERA.

By Mr. BICKERSTAFFE.

S O N G CCXXII.

Sung by Mrs. Baker.

AH! how delightful the morning,
How sweet are the prospects it yields;
Summer luxuriant adorning
The gardens, the groves, and the fields.

But grateful to the season,
Its pleasure let's employ;
Kind nature gives, and reason
Permits us to enjoy.

S O N G CCXXIII.

By Mrs. Baker.

TO rob them of strength, when wise Nature
thought fit
By women to still do her duty,
Instead of a sword she endu'd them with wit,
And gave them a shield in their beauty.

Sound,

Sound, sound then the trumpet, both sexes to
arms !

Our tyrants at once and protectors !
We quickly shall see, whether courage or charms
Decide for the Helens or Hector.

S O N G CCXXIV.

By Mr. Dunstall.

T O tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid,
I lik'd a glass,
And lov'd a lass,
And I did as younkers did.

But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I must those freaks forbear ;
At sixty-three,
'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear.

S O N G CCXXV.

By Mr. Shuter.

Z Ounds, Sir ! then I'll tell you without any
jest,
The thing of all things, which I hate and detest ;
A coxcomb, a fop,
A dainty milk-fop ;
Who, effenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,
Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop.

A thing

A thing full of prate,
 And pride and conceit ;
 All fashion, no weight ;
 Who shrugs, and takes snuff,
 And carries a muff ;
 A minikin,
 Finiking,
 French powder-puff :
 And now, Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

S O N G CCXXVI.

By Mr. Dyer.

WHEN a man of fashion condescends
 To herd among his country friends,
 They watch his looks, his motions :
 One booby gapes, another stares,
 And all he does, says, eats, drinks, wears,
 Must suit their rustic notions.
 But as for this brutish old clown here,
 S'death, why did I ever come down here ?
 The savage will now never quit me :
 Then a consort to take,
 For my family's sake,
 I'm in a fine jeapordy, split me !

S O N G CCXXVII.

By Miss Macklin.

IMmortal pow'rs protect me,
 Assist, support, direct me ;
 Relieve a heart oppress'd :
 Ah ! why this palpitation !
 Cease, busy perturbation,
 And let me, let me rest.

O

S O N G

S O N G CCXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

I'M but a poor servant, 'tis true, Ma'm,
 But was I lady like you, Ma'm,
 In grief would I sit! The dickins a bit;
 No, faith I would search the world thro', Ma'm,
 To find what my liking could hit.

Set in case a young man,
 In my fancy there ran,
 It might anger my friends and relations;
 But, if I had regard,
 It should go very hard,
 Or I'd follow my own inclinations.

S O N G CCXXIX.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

YOU ask me in vain,
 Of what ills I complain,
 Where harbours the torment I find;
 In my head, in my heart,
 It invades ev'ry part,
 And subdues both my body and mind.

Each effort I try,
 Ev'ry med'cine apply
 The pangs of my soul to appease;
 But doom'd to endure,
 What I mean for a cure,
 Turns poison, and feeds the disease.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXX.

Sung by Mrs. Baker.

AH! pr'ythee spare me, dearest creature!
 How can you prompt me to so much ill-
 nature!

Kneeling before me,
 Should I hear him implore me;
 Could I accuse him,
 Could I refuse him
 The boon he should ask?
 Set not a lover the cruel task.

No, believe me, my dear,
 Was he now standing here,
 In spite of my frights and alarms;
 I might rate him, might scold him,
 But thou'd still strive to hold him,
 And sink at last into his arms.

S O N G CCXXXI.

By Miss Macklin.

HOPE and fear alternate rising,
 Strive for empire o'er my heart;
 Ev'ry peril now despising,
 Now at ev'ry breath I start.

Teach, ye learned sages, teach me,
 How to stem this beating tide:
 If you've any rules to reach me,
 Haste, and be the weak one's guide.

Thus, our trial's at a distance,
 Wisdom, science, promise aid;
 But in need of their assistance.
 We attempt to grasp a shade.

S O N G CCXXXII.

By Mrs. Du Bellamy.

Y E S, she is fair, divinely fair,
 And softer than the balmy air
 That vernal zephyr blows;
 Her cheeks transcend the rose's bloom,
 And sweeter is the rich perfume
 Her ruby lips disclose.

Fly swift, oh Love, and in her ear,
 Whisper soft, her lover's near,
 Full of doubt and full of fear;
 If my rashness should offend,
 Intercede,
 My pardon plead,
 Her angry brow unbend.

S O N G CCXXXIII.

By Mr. Mattocks.

O H! talk not to me of the wealth she possesses,
 My hopes and my views to herself I confine;
 The splendor of riches but slightly impresses
 A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.

By love, only love, should our souls be cemented,
 No int'rest, no motive, but that I wou'd own;

With

With her in a cottage be blest and contented,
And wretched without her, though plac'd on a
throne.

S O N G CCXXXIV.

By *Mrs. Mattocks.*

INdeed, forsooth, a pretty youth,
To play the am'rous fool ;
At such an age, methinks your rage
Might be a little cool.

Fie, let me go, Sir,
Kiss me !—No, no Sir.

You pull me and shake me,
For what do you take me,
This figure to make me ?

I'd have you to know,
I'm not for your game, Sir ;
Nor will I be tame, Sir.
Lord, have you no shame, Sir,
To tumble one so ?

S O N G CCXXXV.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

HOW cursedly vext the old fellow will be,
When he finds you have snapt up his daughter ;
But shift as he will, leave the matter to me,
And I warrant you soon shall have caught her.

What! a plague and a pox,
Shall an ill-natur'd fox,
Prevent youth and beauty
From doing their duty?
He ought to be set in the stocks.
He merits the law;
And if we can't bite him,
By gad we'll indite him.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

S O N G CCXXXVI.

By Mrs. Baker.

C O M E thou, pining, peevish lover,
Tell me what to do and say;
From your doleful dumps recover,
Smile, and it shall have its way.
With their humours, thus to teaze us,
Men are sure the strangest elves!
Silly creatures, would you please us,
You should still seem pleas'd yourselves.

S O N G CCXXXVII.

By Mr. Du Bellamy.

H E N C E with caution, hence with fear,
Beauty prompts, and naught shall stay me;
Boldly for that prize I'll steer;
Rocks, nor winds, nor waves dismay me.
Yet, rash lover, look behind,
Think what dangers may betide you;
Love and fortune both are blind,
And you have none else to guide you.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Baker.

I Wonder, I swear,
 How women can bear
 A fop that himself still admires ;
 Mere puppets for play,
 Of papier maché,
 Without either soul or desires.

One's pos'd in one's aim,
 To give them a name,
 Things of such equivocal growth ;
 Nor Master nor Miss,
 But 'twixt that and this,
 Ridiculous copies of both.

S O N G CCXXXIX.

By Miss Macklin.

AH! how weak is inclination,
 Fain I would yet more explain ;
 But, you see my agitation,
 And will spare my tongue the pain.

Help, and force, at once forsake me,
 On your kindness I depend.
 Since your wife you cannot make me,
 Make, O make me, Sir, your friend.

S O N G

S O N G CCXL.

Sung by Mr. Dyer.

IN Italy, Germany, France I have been,
 Where princes I've liv'd with, where monarchs I've seen ;
 The great have carefs'd me,
 The fair have address'd me ;
 Nay, smiles I have had from a queen.

And, now, shall a pert
 Insignificant flirt
 With insolence use me,
 Presume to refuse me ;
 She fancies my pride will be hurt.

But tout au contraire,
 I'm pleas'd, I declare,
 Quite happy, to think I escape from the snare :
 Serviteur Mam'selle ; my claim I withdraw.
 Hey ! where are my people ? fal, la, la, la, la.

S O N G CCXLI.

Sung by Mr. Dunstall.

OH ! ladies, lovely creatures ;
 Your wit, your shape, your features,
 Are all divine :
 But still changing, feigning,
 The man who seeks your meaning,
 Goes out the sea to fathom,
 Without lead or line.

Your

Your charms are form'd to please us,
You spread the lure to seize us ;
And when we get
Into the net,
Why, then, you vex and tease us.

S O N G CCXLII.

Sung by Miss Macklin.

G O, and, on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and sorrow flying,
Leave to peace, and love your breast.

Go, and may the pow'rs that hear us,
Still, as kind protectors near us,
Through our troubles safely steer us
To a port of joy and rest.

S O N G CCXLIII.

Sung by Mrs. Baker.

A H! how cruel the reflection,
Woman once to error led,
Ev'ry eye wakes for detection,
Ev'ry tongue the tale to spread.

Vainly is her fault lamented,
By the poor misguided fair ;
That which caution had prevented,
Penitence can ne'er repair.

S O N G

S O N G CCXLIV.

By Mr. Du Bellamy.

TO fear a stranger,
Behold the soldier arm ;
He knows no danger,
When honour sounds the alarm ;
But dauntless goes
Among his foes.

In Cupid's militia,
So fearless I issue ;
And, as you see,
Arm'd cap-a-pee,
Resolve on death or victory.

S O N G CCXLV.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

I Wonder, I'm sure, why this fuss should be
made,
For my part, I'm neither asham'd nor afraid
Of what I have done, nor of what I have said.
A servant, I hope, is no slave ;
And tho', to their shames,
Some ladies call names,
I know better how to behave.
Times are not so bad,
If occasion I had,
Nor my character such I need starve on't.
And for going away,
I don't want to stay,
And so I'm your ladyship's servant.

S O N G

S O N G CCXLVI.

By Mr. Dyer.

BEAR, oh bear me, of a sudden,
Some kind stroke of smiling chance,
From this land of beef and pudding,
To dear Italy or France :

I'm sick to the soul,
Politicks and sea-coal,
Have given me the vapours ;
Their cursed news-papers,
Their mobbing,
Stock-jobbing,
Are horrors to me :
I wish the whole island was sunk in the sea.

S O N G CCXLVII.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

GIRLS like squirrels oft appear,
In their cages pleas'd with slav'ry,
But, in fact, 'tis all but knav'ry,
Less thro' love than out of fear :
Only on their tricks relying,
Let them out, their bonds untying,
And you'll see the matter plain.
Once there's nought their flight to hamper,
Presto—whisk-away they scamper,
Never to return again.

Wou'd you manage lasses rightly,
You must watch them daily, nightly,
Shut them close, and hold them tightly ;

Never

Never loose an inch of chain :
 Freedom, run-aways will make 'em,
 And the devil can't o'ertake 'em.

S O N G CCXLVIII.

By Miss Macklin.

WHY with sighs my heart is swelling,
 Why with tears my eyes o'erflow,
 Ask me not, 'tis past the telling,
 Mute involuntary woe.

Who to winds and waves a stranger,
 Ventr'ous tempts th' inconstant seas ;
 In each billow fancy's danger
 Shrieks at every rising breeze.

S O N G CCXLIX.

Sung by Mr. Dunstall.

WHEN love gets into a youthful brain,
 Instruction is fruitless, and caution vain :
 Prudence may cry, do so ;
 But if love says, no,
 Prudence may go,
 With his preaching,
 And teaching,
 To Jericho.
 Dear Sir, in old age,
 'Tis not hard to be sage,
 And 'tis easy to point the way ;
 But do or say,
 What we may,
 Love and youth will have their day.

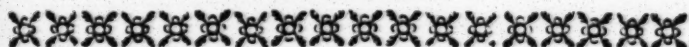
S O N G

S O N G CCL.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

O Dry those tears! like melted ore,
Fast dropping on my heart they fall;
Think, think no more of me; no more
The mem'ry of past scenes recall.

On a wild sea of passion tofs'd;
I split upon the fatal shelf,
Friendship and love at once are lost,
And now I wish to lose myself.



The favourite Songs in the BURLETTA of
O R P H E U S;

Introduced in A Peep behind the Curtain;
Or, The New Rehearfal.

The Music by Mr. Barthelemon.

S O N G CCLI.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

T HO' she scolded all day, and all night did
the same,
Tho' she was too rampant, and I was too tame;
Tho' shriller her pipe than the ear-piercing fife,
I must and I will go to hell for my wife.

P

As

As the sailor can't rest, if the winds are too still,
As the miller sleeps best by the clack of his mill,
So I was most happy in tumult and strife ;
I must and I will go to hell for my wife.

S O N G CCLII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne.

I S this your affection,
Your vows and protection,
To bring back your wife to your house,
When she knows what I am,
As a wolf the poor lamb,
As a cat she will mumble the mouse.

S O N G CCLIII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne.

W H E N, Orpheus, you
Were kind and true,
Of joy I had my fill ;
Now Orpheus roves,
And faithless proves,
Alas ! the bitter pill !

As from the bogs,
The wounded frogs,
Call'd out, I call to thee ;
O naughty boy,
To you 'tis joy,
Alas ! 'tis death to me.

S O N G

S O N G CCLIV.

Sung by Mrs. Arne.

MOunt if you will, and reach the sky,
Quick as light'ning would I fly,
And there would give you battle;
Like the thunder I would rattle.

Seek, if you will, the shades below,
Thither, thither will I go,
Your faithless heart appall !
My rage no bounds shall know—
Revenge my bosom stings,
And jealousy has wings,
To rise above 'em all !

S O N G CCLV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

ON E med'cine cures the gout,
Another cures a cold,
This can drive your passions out,
Nay even cure a scold.
Have you gout or vapours,
I in sleep,
Your senses steep,
Or make your legs cut capers.

S O N G CCLVI.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

THOU dear companion of my life,
My friend, my mistress, and my wife,
Much dearer than all three ;

Should they be faithless, and deceive me,
Thy grand specific can relieve me,
All med'cines are in thee,
Thou *veritable beaume de vie*.

S O N G CCLVII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

BReathe no ditty,
Soft and pretty,
Charming female tongues to sleep;
Goats shall haunt it,
Cows currant it,
Shepherds frisk it with their sheep !

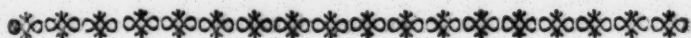
S O N G CCLVIII.

Sung by Mr. Dodd.

A S I'm alive,
I'm sixty-five,
And that's no age for dancing;
I'm past the game,
O fie, for shame,
Old men should not be prancing :
O cut the strings,
'Those tickling things,
Of that same curfed scraper ;

C H O R U S.

We're dancing too,
And we like you
Can only cut a caper.



The favourite Songs in the OPERA of
PHARNACES.

By Mr. HULL.

SONG CCLIX.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

NOT in the splendor of a throne
Is a monarch's greatness shown ;
'Tis his to brave misfortune's frown,
To rescue from disgrace a crown ;
His soul undaunted, proud and free,
And live or die with dignity.

SONG CCLX.

Sung by Mr. Champnes.

SWIFT-wing'd vengeance nerve my arm,
Ten-fold rage my bosom warm !
With all their fires I feel it glow,
They bid me give the destin'd blow !

Nor shall a daughter's tears
Allay the flames, wherein my soul is tost ;
All, all his race would ill repay
My throne disgrac'd, my honour lost.

S O N G CCLXI.

Sung by Mr. Giustinelli.

LOVE (when worth like thine inspires)
By sensual passions unsubdu'd,
Mingles e'en with glory's fires,
And mounts to all that's great and good ;
The battle done,
The laurels won,
It burns within th' extatic heart,
In ev'ry rapture claims a part,
And, ev'n when fierce desire shall end,
Glow's in the sacred name of friend.

S O N G CCLXII.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent.

CAN the darling of my heart,
O! can he doubt a mother's care,
Can his mind endure a smart
Her bosom does not more than share ?
Here from cruelty secure,
Let no vain fear thy soul annoy,
The deadly gloom awhile endure,
Then wake to light and new-born joy.

S O N G CCLXIII.

Sung by Mr. Giustinelli.

Torture, alas, may sorely prove
The pangs of disappointed love ;

Yet

Yet some relief remains behind,
While justice sways the suff'ring mind ;
But honour banish'd from her throne,
Each joy, each hope of rest is flown.

S O N G CCLXIV.

Sung by Mr. Guistinelli.

O Hark to reason's pow'rful tongue,
Obey, obey her voice ;
Fond hope attunes her soothing song,
To bid thy soul rejoice.

Fair freedom, deck'd in all her charms,
Invites thee to be blest,
And friendship longs, with folding arms,
To wrap thee in her breast.

S O N G CCLXV.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent.

THE spectre Death, when view'd from far,
Appears a foe, in terror drest,
But proves, when we behold him near,
The comfort of affliction's breast ;
The stedd' soul he threats in vain,
The coward he alone affrights,—
And gives us, for a moment's pain,
Whole ages of supreme delight.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Dorman.

IN honour's cause alone
The fatal sword I raise ;
That, that should point the sacred steel,
And bid its lightning blaze.

But edgeless be the blade,
That vice attempts to wield,
And blasted be the guilty arm
That stains the noble field !

Base wretch ! from sight of man,
Despairing may'st thou fly !
In desert wilds to groan, unseen,
And unlamented die !



The favourite Songs in the Comic Opera of
THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

By Mr. LLOYD.

The Music composed by Mr. RUSH.

S O N G CCLXVII.

Sung by Miss Slack.

WHILE the cool and gentle breeze
Breathes its fragrance thro' the trees,
Clad in robes of lively green,
Nature graces all the scene ;

From

From the sweetness of the place,
Labour wears a chearful face.

Sure, I taste of joys sincere,
My true swain for ever near :
When with ceaseless toils oppress'd,
Wearied nature sinks to rest,
All my labours to beguile,
Love shall wake me with a smile.

S O N G CCLXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Baddeley.

WHEN the head of poor Tummas was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake,
And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
And wept for poor Tummas' sake :
When his worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout,
O! these were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

When our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were as happy as kings ;
Each lad in his holy-day cloaths,
And the lasses in all their best things.
What merriment all the day long,
May the feast of our children prove such ;
Odzocks, but I'll join in the song,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXIX.

By Mrs. Clive.

YES, that's a magazine of arms,
 To triumph over time,
 Whence beauty borrows half her charms,
 And always keeps her prime ;
 At that, the prude, coquette, and faint,
 Industrious sets her face,
 While powder, patch, and wash, and paint,
 Repair, or give a grace.

To arch the brow, there lies the brush,
 The comb to tinge the hair,
 The Spanish wool to give the blush,
 The pearl to dye them fair.
 Hence rise the wrinkled, old and grey,
 In freshest beauty strong,
 As Venus fair, as Flora gay,
 As Hebe ever young.

S O N G CCLXX.

By Miss Slack.

WHEN late a simple rustic lass,
 I rov'd without constraint ;
 A stream was all my looking-glass,
 And health my only paint.

The charms I boast (alas how few !)
 I gave to nature's care :
 As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
 They could not want repair.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXI.

By Mrs. Clive.

F O R various purpose serves the fan,
As thus—a decent blind ;
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Resentment's in the snap,
A flirt expresses strong disdain,
Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shews
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

S O N G CCLXXII.

By Mr. Vernon.

P L A G U E take such folks,
Their whims, their jokes,
With their nonsense, rant and riot ;
This calls me clown,
That shoves me down,
Can a body ne'er be quiet.

So push'd about,
 Thrust in, thrust out,
 In a tumult, noise and hurry ;
 I'm squeez'd to death,
 I've lost my breath,
 And my wits run hurry, scurry.

S O N G CCLXXIII.

THO' my dress, as my manners, is simple and
 plain,
 A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain ;
 My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
 And I'm richer than those that have thousands a
 year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting un-
 couth,
 I feel no remorse from the follies of youth ;
 I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
 And my boy thinks my life not a moment too
 long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and gri-
 mace,
 Creep under, dance over, for title or place ;
 Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
 That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.

S O N G CCLXXIV.

By Miss Slack.

WHEN far from fashion's gilded scene
 I breath'd my native air,
 My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
 Doubtings harbour'd there.

But

But now no more myself I find,
Distraction rends my breast;
Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,
And banish all my rest.

S O N G CCLXXV.

By Miss Slack.

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid,
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.
The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wide their merry notes,
Whilst we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain, and happy maid.



The Favourite Songs in

T H E M A I D O F T H E M I L L.

A C O M I C O P E R A.

By Mr. BICKERSTAFFE.

S O N G CCLXXVI.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I F that's all you want, who the plague will be
forry?
'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry;
For my share I'm weary of what is got by't:
Q S'flesh!

S'flesh ! here's such a racket, such scolding and
coiling, [ing,
You're never content, but when folks are a toil-
And drudging like horses from morning till
night.

You think I'm afraid, but the diff'rence to shew
you, [you :
First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks too I throw
Henceforward, take care of your matters who
will :

They're welcome to slave for your wages that
need 'em,
Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

S O N G CCLXXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

IN love to pine and languish,
Yet know your passion vain;
To harbour heart-felt anguish,
To fear to tell your pain.

What pow'rs unrelenting,
Severer ills inventing,
Can sharpen pangs like these?
Where days and nights tormenting,
Yield not a moment's ease.

SONG

S O N G CCLXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

WHAT are outward forms and shews,
To an honest heart compar'd ?
Oft the rustic, wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the humble flow'r
Bearing, at the hedge's side,
Virtues of more sov'reign pow'r
Than the garden's gayest pride.

S O N G CCLXXIX.

By Mr. Reinhold.

HARK ! 'tis I your own true lover,
After walking three long miles ;
One kind look at least discover,
Come and speak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on,
Ah, you little cunning vixen !
I can see your roguish smiles.

Addicks ! my mind is so possess'd,
'Till we're sped, I shan't have rest ;
Only say the thing's a bargain,
Here an you like it,
Ready to strike it,
There's at once an end of arguing :
I'm her's, she's mine ;
Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

S O N G CCLXXX.

By Mrs. Baker.

WITH the man that I love, was I destin'd to
dwell,

On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
Retreats the most barren, most desert would be,
More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.
Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire,
I yield them the bliss where their wishes are
plac'd;
Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

S O N G CCLXXXI.

By Mr. Shuter.

WHY how now, miss pert,
Do you think to divert
My anger, by fawning and stroking;
Would you make me a fool,
Your play-thing, your tool?
Was ever young minx so provoking!

Get out of my sight,
'Twould be serving you right,
To lay a sound dose of the lash on;
Contradict your Mamma,
I've a mind by the la;
But I won't put myself in a passion.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXXII.

Sung by Mr. Reinhold.

ODDS my life, search England over,
An you match her in her station;
I'll be bound to fly the nation:
And be sure as well I love her.

Do but feel my heart a beating,
Still her pretty name repeating,
Here's the work 'tis always at,
Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.

When she makes the music tinkle,
What on yearth can sweeter be?
Then her little eyes so twinkle,
'Tis a feast to hear and see.

S O N G CCLXXXIII.

By Mrs. Thompson.

I Am young, and I am friendless,
And poor alas! withal;
Sure my sorrows will be endless,
In vain for help I call,
Have some pity in your nature,
To relieve a wretched creature,
Tho' the gift be ne'er so small.

May you, possessing ev'ry blessing,
Still inherit, Sir, all you merit, Sir,
And never know what it is to want;
Sweet heaven, your worship all happiness grant.

S O N G CCLXXXIV.

Sung by Mr. Dyer.

WHY quits the merchant, blest with ease,
The pleasures of his native seat,
To tempt the dangers of the seas,
And climes more perilous than these,
'Midst freezing cold, or scorching heat?
He knows the hardships, knows the pain,
The length of way, but thinks it small;
'The sweets of what he hopes to gain,
Undaunted, make him combat all.

S O N G CCLXXXV.

By Mr. Reinhold.

WHEN a maid, in way of marriage,
First is courted by a man,
Let'un do the best he can,
She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
'Tis with pain the suit's began.
Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
Still she shams it coy and cold;
Fearing to confess it plainly,
Lest the folks should think her bold.
But the parson comes in sight,
Gives the word to bill and coo;
'Tis a different story quite,
And she quickly buckles too.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

TRUST me, would you taste true pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
No where shall you find the treasure
Sure as in the sylvan scene :

Blest, who, no false glare requiring,
Nature's rural sweets admiring,
Can, from grosser joys retiring,
Seek the simple and serene.

S O N G CCLXXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Shuter.

YOU vile pack of vagabonds, what do you
mean ?

I'll maul you, rascallions,
Ye tatter-demallions—

If one of you comes within reach of my cane,
Such cursed assurance,
'Tis past all indurance.

Nay, nay, pray come away,
They're lyars and thieves,
And he that believes,
Their foolish predictions,
Will find them but fictions,
A bubble that always deceives.

SONG

S O N G CCLXXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

LET me fly —hence tyrant fashion,
Teach to servile minds your law ;
Curb in them each generous passion,
Ev'ry motion keep in awe.

Shall I in my trammels going,
Quit the idol of my heart ;
While it beats, all fervent glowing :
With my life I'll sooner part.

S O N G CCLXXXIX.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature,
Prove as kind again as she ;
Happy mortal ! to possess her,
In your bosom warm and press her,
Morning, noon, and night caress her,
And be fond, as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit ;
Nothing's tough enough to bind her,
Then agog, when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her ;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

S O N G CCXC.

Sung by Mrs. Thompson.

O! what a simpleton was I,
To make my bed at such a rate;
Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack,
Will call him back,
No tender words his heart allure;
I could bite
My tongue, thro' spite——
Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

S O N G CCXCI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

O H leave me in pity, the falshood I scorn,
For slander the bosom untainted defies;
But rudeness, and insult, are not to be borne,
Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sense to de-
spise.

Of women defenceless, how cruel the fate,
Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way;
Ill-nature and envy lurk always in wait,
And innocence falls to their fury a prey.

S O N G

S O N G CCXCII.

By Mrs. Baker.

WHo'll buy good luck, who'll buy, who'll buy?
The gypsey's favours, ——— here am I!

Thro' the village, thro' the town,
What charming fav'ry frags we'll earn;
Clean straw shall be our beds of down,
And our withdrawing-room a barn.

Young and old, and grave and gay,
The miser, and the prodigal;
Cit, courtier, bumkin, come away,
I warrant we'll content you all.

S O N G CCXCIII.

By Mr. Dyer.

WH O upon the oozy beach
Can count the num'rous sands that lie,
Or distinctly reckon each
Transparent orb that studs the sky?
As their multitude betray,
And frustrate all attempts to tell;
So 'tis impossible to say,
How much I love, I love so well.

S O N G CCXCIV.

By Mr. Reinhold.

THEN hey for a frolicksome life!
I'll ramble where pleasures are rife;
Strike

Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,
 And never think more of a wife;
 Plague on it, the men are but asses,
 To run after noise and strife.

Had we been together buckled,
 'Twould have prov'd a fine affair,
 Dogs would have barked at the cuckold,
 And boys pointing cry'd——look there.

S O N G CCXCV.

Duett, by Mr. Mattocks and Mrs. Pinto.

Mat. MY life, my joy, my blessing,
 In thee each grace possessing,
 All must my choice approve :

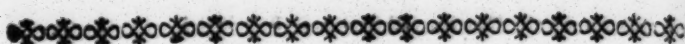
Pin. To you my all is owing,
 O take the heart o'erflowing
 With gratitude and love,

Mat. Thus infolding,

Pin. Thus beholding,

Both. One to my soul so dear ;
 Can there be pleasure greater,
 Can there be bliss compleater,
 'Tis too much to bear.

S O N G



FAVOURITE SONGS, sung at
VAUXHALL.

SONG CCXCVI.

Sung by Mrs. Weichfell.

Set by Mr. Hook.

SIMPLE Strephon, cease complaining,
Talk no more of foolish love ;
Think not e'er my heart to reign in,
Think not all you say can move.

Did I take delight to fetter
Thrice ten thousand slaves a day ;
Thrice ten thousand times your better
Gladly would my rule obey.

Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek not her who still forbids you,
To some other tell your moan ;
Chuse where'er your fancy leads you,
Let Chlorinda but alone.

Simple Strephon, &c.

SON

S O N G CCXCVII.

*SYLVIA, a Scotch Song, sung by Mr. Vernon.**Set by Mr. Hook.*

I Love, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No comfort's in my mind ;
 There ne'er could be a happier swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind.

For when (as long her chains I've worn)
 I seek relief from smart
 She only gives me looks of scorn :
 Alas ! 'twill break my heart.

My rival, rich in worldly store,
 May offer heaps of gold ;
 But surely I a heaven adore,
 Too precious to be sold.

Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize
 For wealth, and not desert,
 And my poor sighs and tears despise ?
 Alas ! 'twill break my heart.

When, like some panting hov'ring dove,
 I for my blifs contend,
 And plead the cause of eager love,
 She coldly calls me friend.

Ah ! Sylvia, thus in vain you strive
 To act a healer's part ;
 'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive,
 Alas !—and break my heart.

R

But,

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told.

For ev'ry lovely gen'rous maid
Will take my injur'd part,
And blame thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.

S O N G CCXCVIII.

PATTY of the HILL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Hook.

VENUS, queen of soft delight,
Accept a suppliant's prayer,
Who wishes to attend the rites
In which thy vot'ries share :
Inspire his tongue with gentlest airs,
Yet void of art or skill,
Whilst he his unfeign'd love declares
For Patty of the Hill.

What strains, O Goddess ! must he find
To melt her frozen heart,
Since words can ne'er express his mind,
Nor e'er his pain impart ?
Unless thy son shall aid his lays,
And love in her instill,
In vain will prove his artless praise
Of Patty of the Hill.

Her

Her cheeks with rose and lilly vies,
Her breath with sweet woodbines ;
Inferior far unto her eyes
The sparkling diamonds shine :
Her voice excels the linnet's notes,
Exceeds the thrush's stile ;
In vain they strive to raise their notes
Like Patty's of the Hill.

How shall I paint her tender mind,
(The charms I most adore)
In her is ev'ry virtue join'd
That passion can inspire.
Her soul the graces all refine,
She bends to reason's will ;
I'd freely all the world resign
For Patty of the Hill.

S O N G CCXCIX.

ADVICE to the LADIES.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsell. Set by Mr. Potter.

WOULD you wish to gain a lover,
You should all your hopes conceal ;
Men inconstant will discover
What too oft our sex reveal.

Virtue teaches wise discretion,
Fickle men are full of arts ;
By a thoughtless fond confession
They seduce and steal our hearts.
Would you wish, &c.

S O N G C C C I.

The MILK MAID.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

'T WAS at the cool and fragrant hour,
 When the evening steals upon the sky,
 That Susan chose the woodbine shade,
 And William taught that grove to sigh :
 The sweetest damsel she on all the plains,
 The softest lover he of all the swains.

He took her by the lilly hand,
 Which oft had made the milk look pale,
 Her cheeks with modest blushes glow'd,
 As thus he breath'd his tender tale ;
 (The list'ning streams a while forgot to flow,
 The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow.)

“ O smile, my fair, thy dimple smiles
 “ Shall lengthen on the setting ray ;
 “ Thus let us melt the hours in bliss,
 “ Thus sweetly languish life away ;
 “ Thus sigh ourselves into each other's breast,
 “ Loving as turtles, and as turtles blest.”

She sigh'd and blush'd, a sweet consent,
 He thank'd her on his bended knee,
 And warmly press'd her virgin lip ;
 Was ever youth so blest as he ?
 The moon to light the lovers homeward rose,
 And Philomela lull'd them to repose.

S O N G CCCII.

UNDER THE ROSE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

LAST Midsummer eve, as I pass'd thro' the
grove,
I met with young Phillis, the goddess of love;
My heart was transported, you well may suppose,
I gave her a kiss—but 'twas *under the Rose*.

She started and blush'd, and reply'd with a frown,
" Don't fancy, young swain, I'll be kiss'd by a
clown ;

" I'm lov'd by young Strephon—see yonder he
goes :"

Still I gave her a kiss—but 'twas *under the Rose*.

" Come, come, dearest charmer," I tenderly
cry'd,

" I care not for Strephon ; I'll not be deny'd.

" He's false to young Phillis, he very well knows,

" My heart is right honest, tho' *under the Rose*.

" If Strephon be false, what has Phillis to do ?"

(She answer'd in anguish) " No men sure are
true."

" O yes, my dear girl ; (I reply'd) don't sup-
pose

" But Damon is constant, tho' *under the Rose*."

" If you love me, (she cry'd) here then freely I
give

" My heart and affection as long as I live."

I led her to church, and she does not suppose

But Damon is constant, tho' *under the Rose*.

S O N G

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S O N G CCCIII.

The SHEPHERD'S FESTIVAL.

*A TRIO, sung by Mrs. Pinto, Mrs. Weichsell,
and Mr. Vernon.*

Set by Mr. Potter.

CHORUS.

HITHER come,
To the sound of the drum ;
Pleasure courts you out to joy,
Let us then the gift employ.

Mrs. Weichsell.

Under fragrant rosy bow'rs,
Lovers pass the fleeting hours ;
Nymphs and shepherds now are seen
Dancing on the chequer'd green.

CHORUS.

Hither come, &c.

Mr. Vernon.

By yon hedge-row's pleasing shade,
View each jolly toping blade :
Bacchus lends his pow'r divine
In a goblet full of wine.

CHORUS.

Hither come, &c.

Mrs. Pinto.

All are happy, all are gay,
Such the bliss of blooming May ;
Hither haste, ye sons of mirth,
Joy and pleasure here have birth.

Chorus. Hither come, &c.

S O N G

S O N G CCCIV.

The ENGLISH PADLOCK.

A favourite Song, sung by Mr. Vernon.

SINCE artists, who sue for the trophies of
 fame,
 Their wit, and their taste, and their genius pro-
 claim,
 Attend to my song, where you'll certainly find
 A secret disclos'd for the good of mankind;
 And deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due—
 I've found out a padlock to keep the wife true.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your
 dame, [flame :
 With the ardours of youth all her passions in-
 Should her beauty lead captive each softer de-
 fire,
 And languishing lovers still sigh and admire ;
 Yet fearless you'd trust her, tho' thousands may
 sue,
 When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.

Tho' the husband may think that he wisely re-
 strains,
 With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and
 chains ;
 How fatally weak must their artifice prove,
 Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love ?
 Throw jealousy hence, bid suspicion adieu,
 Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should

Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,
All complying and kind, you must give her her
way :

While her taste and her judgment you fondly
approve,

'Tis reason secures you the treasures of love :
And, believe me, no coxcomb admission can find,
For the fair-one is safe, if you padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently
blend,

Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend ;
Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,
'Tis the charms of indulgence that suits the soft
sex :

They ne'er can prove false, while this maxim's
in view,

Good-humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

S O N G CCCV.

The GOOD FELLOW.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Bates.

DISTANT fly thee, carping care,
From the spot where I do dwell :
Rigid mortals, come not there,
Frowns, be gone to hermit's cell :
But let me live the life of souls,
With love, and laugh, and flowing bowls :

Miser, with thy paltry pelf,
I give 'gainst thee my hate its scope ;
Wretch, that liv'st but for thyself,
With heart of rust that cannot ope :

Fly,

Fly, bird of night, from sun and souls,
That love and laugh o'er flowing bowls.

Who can let the pensive go,
Or the eye that drops a tear,
And not weed their minds of woe,
May not dare to peep in here :
Who can't be friends, can ne'er be souls,
Nor e'er shall quaff our flowing bowl:.

Joys on joys, O let me taste,
Health and mirth dwell in my gate,
Whilst with ease my sand doth waste,
Whilst I bless the book of fate,
That lets me live the life of souls,
With love, and laugh, and flowing bowls.

S O N G CCCVI.

JOCKEY AND JENNY.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Mr. Bates.

AS Jockey and Jenny sat in the cool shade,
Young Jockey was happy, and happy the
maid :

She blush'd, and she cry'd, " Dear Jockey, with
thee [free."

" My life, tho' in bondage would seem to be
Then Jockey to Jenny, his passion to prove,
Her hand gently kiss'd, his eyes darting love,
Cry'd out in a transport,— " Was ever a pair
" So happy as Jockey and Jenny the fair ? "

Content with each other, in humble retreat,
They court not new beauties, nor envy the great;
He'll

He'll not quit his nymph, nor the nymph quit
her swain,

For pleasure that's false, or for riches to gain :
He breathes the soft pipe—her voice tunes the
song, [along ;

Or they hand in hand walk the green vallies
Content with true pleasure their footsteps attends,
For Jockey and Jenny are lovers and friends.

While rovers leave Sylvia for Chloe's bright
eyes,

Then Amynta pursues and fair Chloe despise ;
The pure flame of love in their breasts will ne'er
burn, [their turn ;

And their nymphs learn from them to be false in
While Jockey and Jenny, beneath their thatch'd
cot,

Are strangers to care, and bless fate for their lot :
Ye gay ones, and fair, would you true pleasure
share,

Be constant like Jockey and Jenny the fair.

S O N G CCCVII.

The FAIR-SEX vindicated.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Bates.

THE goodness of women, some men will
dispute,

and I shall their arguments fairly confute ;
Undeniably prove that they do what they ought,
and say what you will, they are never in fault.

You sometimes object to their voluble tongues,
That they harrass your ears, and destroy their
own lungs ;

Should

Should they talk (pretty creatures) from morn-
ing till night,
From fifteen to fifty they are all in the right.

If resentment against the fair-sex you conceive,
Give attention to slanders, and slanders believe ;
Behold their sweet faces---resentment will fly,
Vexation turn pleasure, and jealousy die.

The poets strange tales tell of Orpheus, you
know,
How he went for his wife to the regions below ;
But it must be a falsehood, because one so fair,
So lovely and kind, was too good to go there.

No more at these charmers, ye unthinking, rail,
But o'er your barbarity let 'em prevail ;
Perfection to kings and to females belong,
For women (like monarchs) can never do wrong.

S O N G CCCVIII.

The HAPPY PAIR.

Sung by Mrs. Weischel. Set by Mr. Hook.

AT dewy dawn, as o'er the lawn
Young Jockey early stray'd,
He chanc'd to meet with Jenny sweet,
That blooming lovely maid :
Her cheeks so red, with blushes spread,
Shew'd like the break of day ;
Her modest look the shepherd took,
She stole his heart away.

With

With tender air he woo'd the fair,
 And movingly addrest ;
 For love divine can clowns refine,
 And warm the colder breast.
 Her eyes he prais'd, and fondly gaz'd
 On her enchanting face,
 Where innocence and health dispense
 Each blooming rosy grace.

Young Jenny's breast, Love's pow'r confess,
 And felt an equal fire ;
 Nor had she art to hide her smart,
 Or check the fond desire.
 Hymen unites in blissful rites
 The fair, the matchless two ;
 And wedlock ne'er could boast a pair
 More loving, or more true.

S O N G CCCIX.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. Smith. Set by Mr. Smith.

THO' the winds are whistling round me,
 And the midnight rains descend,
 Painful fear shall ne'er confound me,
 Guardian love will be my friend.

Night ! how much I can defy thee !
 Laugh at all thy negro train !
 Day returning, Damon's nigh me,
 Storms may beat, but beat in vain.

Tho' the winds, &c.

S

On

On my shepherd fond reclining,
Pleasing safety sooths my breast ;
Welcome winds to peace inclining !
Winds that lull to downy rest !
Tho' the winds, &c.

S O N G CCCX.

Sung by Mrs. Smith. Set by Mr. Smith.

YE gliding minutes, sweetly move,
Bring to my wishing arms my love ;
But when he comes to crown my ease,
Ye then may loiter as you please.
But swifter now than light'ning move,
For much I long to meet my love.

S O N G CCCXI.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Sung by Mrs. Smith. Set by Mr. Smith.

MY Colin leaves fair London town,
Its pomp and pride and noise ;
With eager haste he hies him down,
To taste of rural joys.
Soon as my much-lov'd swain's in sight
My heart is mad with glee ;
I never know such true delight
As when he comes to me.
How sweet with him all day to rove,
And range the meadows wide !
Nor yet less sweet the moon-light grove,
All by the river's side !

The

The gaudy seasons pass away,
 How swift, when Colin's by!
 How swiftly glides the flow'ry May!
 How fast the summers fly!

When Colin comes to grace the plains,
 An humble crook he bears;
 He tends the flock like other swains,
 A shepherd quite appears.
 All in the verdant month of May,
 The rake is all his pride;
 He helps to make the new-mown hay
 With Moggy by his side.

'Gainst yellow Autumn's milder reign,
 His fickle he prepares;
 He reaps the harvest on the plain,
 All pleas'd with rural cares.
 With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
 When all the toil is o'er,
 With him I trip it on the ground,
 With bonny swains a score.

When winter's gloomy months prevail,
 If Colin is but here,
 His jovial laugh and merry tale,
 To me are muckle cheer.
 The folk that chuse in town to dwell,
 Are from my envy free;
 For Moggy loves the plains too well,
 And Colin's all to me.

S O N G CCCXII.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Smith.

Recitative Accompanied.

SEE ! see, Aurora 'gins to rise,
And paints with ruddy streaks the skies !
Ere Phœbus does his beams display,
Let's to our jocund sports away.

A I R.

I rouse the game with hound and horn,
With chearful cries I wake the morn ;
Who rising with her rosy face,
Enjoys the glory of the chace.
See the swift stag flies o'er the ground,
And hills, and dales, and woods resound,
Whilst health and joy lead on the train,
Provoke the chace and scour the plain :
“ And join,” the jovial sportsman cries,
“ 'Till the stout prey, o'ertaken—dies.”

S O N G CCCXIII.

ADVICE to the FAIR.

Sung by Master Busby. Set by Mr. Battishall.

TO reason, ye fair-ones, assert your pretence,
Nor hearken to language beneath common
sense :

When angels men call ye, and homage would
pay,

If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.

Ten

Ten thousand gay scenes are presented to view,
 Ten thousand oaths swore, but not one of them
 true;

Such passions, O heed not; unless to deride,
 Lest a victim you fall to an ill-grounded pride.

Prefer ye the dictates of virtue to sound,
 True blessings can ne'er without goodness be
 found;

Leave folly and fashions, misguiders of youth,
 And stick to their opposites, freedom and truth.

S O N G CCCXIV.

B A L L A D,

Sung by Master Bulby. Set by Mr. Worgan.

GENTLE ladies, kindly stay,
 You need not surely run away;
 I can do no mortal harm,
 I'm too young to raise alarm.

Not a Cupid arm'd with darts,
 To wound your still unguarded hearts;
 Nor a swain your breasts to move,
 Or who knows the thing call'd love.

Safely I may here abide,
 You shall never need to chide;
 I will run, or fly, or stay,
 Ladies, will you take me, say?

But if love hereafter deigns
 To fill with warmth these little veins;
 What I can, I still will do,
 Then I'll serve both love and you.

S O N G CCCXV.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Vincent.

CUPID, from his fav'rite nation,
Care and envy will remove ;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love ;
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove.

Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove ;
And as these excel in beauty,
Thote shall be renown'd for love.

S O N G CCCXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.

Set by Signior Giordani.

HOW blithly a'll the live-long day,
The feather'd warblers sing ;
On ev'ry bush they chaunt their lay,
Or trill on soaring wing.

'Tis joy that fills the vocal race,
All unconfin'd and free ;
We'll bless the roof from place to place,
How sweet is liberty !

S O N G

S O N G CCCXVII.

A favourite RONDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Signor Giordani.

Flatt'ring hopes the mind deceiving,
Easy faith too often cheat ;
Woman fond and all-believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.
Empty show of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair ;
Lovely maid too oft bewitches,
Flatt'ry is the beauty's snare.
Flatt'ring hopes, &c.

S O N G CCCXVIII.

COWDEN KNOWS.

Sung by Mrs. Smith. New set by Mr. Smith.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves ;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves :
But my lov'd-song is then the broom,
So fair on Cowden Knows ;
For sure so sweet, so fair a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.
There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart ;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half such art ;

He

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-baughts, and Leader-side,
 Oh, how I blest the sound !

Yet more delightful is the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows,
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not Tiviot Braes, so green and gay,
 May with this Broom compare ;
 Nor Yarrow banks in flow'ry May.
 Nor Bush-a-boon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,
 My peaceful happy home ;
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At eve among the broom :
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows.

S O N G CCCXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Weischel. Set by Mr. Hook.

ON ev'ry tree, in ev'ry plain,
 I trace the jovial spring in vain ;
 A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
 And fast my waining vigour flies :
 Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,
 That smile on others, smile on me.
 Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
 Nor shed a tear before they close.

What

What bliss to me can seasons bring,
Or what the needless pride of spring ?
The cypress bow that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year :
'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,
Might claim awhile my wonted care ;
My rural store some pleasure yield,
So white a flock, so green a field.

S O N G CCCXX.

VENUS and DIANA, a Cantata.

Sung by Mrs. Smith Set by Mr. Smith.

Recitative Accompanied.

FAIR Venus left her blest abodes, they say,
And to the woodlands once pursu'd her
way ;
There sought Diana, and in soothing strains,
She thus implor'd the queen of woods and plains.

A I R.

The chace's joys I wish to know,
Like Diana to be drest ;
With thee, thro' toils oh let me go !
An huntress all confess !
Take, take me in thy chearful train,
(Let Cupid share the day)
I long to hunt the wood and plain,
O'er hill and far away.

DIANA.

D I A N A.

A I R.

Forbear to ask me, Queen of Love !

(Diana quick replies)

Oh ! hie thee to thy Paphian grove,
To taste of softer joys.

Our din would hurt thy tender ear,
Thy feet are slow of pace :

Our toils would fill thy heart with fear ;
Forego the fatal chace.

Keep, keep thee with thy son away,
Nor urge the suit in vain ;

No more my nymphs would own my sway,
If love shou'd join my train.

S O N G CCCXXI.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon and Mrs. Smith.

Set by Mr. Smith.

H E.

WHAT tempts you so late, my sweet maiden
to rove,

So far and alone, to this deep haunted grove ?
Night comes on apace, and with me you shall go,
'Tis not safe to be here, and you must not say no.

S H E.

Rude shepherd, forbear, and this moment be
gone,

How dare you come near me ? nay, let me alone:
All day have I waited my Thyrsis to meet !

Hark ! I think I can hear the sweet sound of his
feet !

He.

H E.

Some rival now keeps your false shepherd away,
 In the vale I expected my nymph all the day :
 Since cheated alike, let us try to agree,
 I'll take you for Sylvia, for Thyrsis take me.

S H E.

Ah ! fill not my bosom with jealousy's pain !
 How can I so soon think so ill of my swain ?
 But if he is false to his nymph in the grove,
 What, what can I do with a shepherd or love ?

H E.

Is not that the good Thyrsis who trips it along ?
 How fond he of Daphne, and Daphne's sweet
 song !

You sure must believe what so plainly you 'spy,
 Come, say that you now are as willing as I.

S H E.

Then take me at once, whilst I'm yet in the
 mind,

Thro' spite I say yes, but in time may be kind ;
 I'll love, when I can, if you swear to be true,
 Now, shepherd, I'm ready ; false Thyrsis, adieu !

B O T H.

'Tis best, ye gay shepherds and nymphs, not to
 mind,

If a Sylvia or Thyrsis is false and unkind ;
 For chance in a moment the loss may repair,
 You may do full as well, 'tis a crime to de-
 spair.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXII.

Sung by Mrs. Weichfel. Set by Mr. A Fisher.

Gentle shepherd, sooth my sorrow,
Kindly, kindly come to-morrow;
Let no loitering cares delay thee,
Let no other pleasures stay thee.

Soon return with joy to charm me,
Come, lest painful thoughts alarm me:
Smiling love, restore my rover,
Haste, thou kind, yet cruel lover.

Gentle shepherd, &c.

S O N G CCCXXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Weichfel.

Set by Mr. Baumgarten.

STREAMS that softly, murm'ring flow,
At the fertile mountain's foot;
Flow'rs that sweetly, beauteous grow,
At th' exalted beach's root:

When the northern blasts roar high,
And the thunder storm is near:
Raise their heads towards the sky;
See its threat'nings without fear.

Thus humility may calmly smile,
When ambition trembling meets the spoil.

S O N G CCCXXIV.

A favourite CANTATA.

Sung by Mrs. Weichfel. Set by Mr. Phil. Hayes.

Recitative Accompanied.

W Here'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Enchanting scenes of vision rise ;
As gay as erst in golden times,
When nature blest'd alike all climes.

A I R.

See how the beauteous blushing rose
In vernal pride unrival'd glows !
And flow'rs spontaneously dispense
Unwanted fragrance to the sense.

Recitative Accompanied.

But hark ! what music strikes mine ear !
Such charming sounds methinks I hear,
As sure bespeak the goddesses near :
And see ! fair Flora on her way
Advance, to chaunt the hymn of May !

A I R.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

A I R.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

S O N G CCCXXV.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

Set and sung by Mr. Vernon.

STREPHON arose at early dawn,
 And fought as wont his fleecy care;
 His fleecy care, alas! were gone,
 Nor knew the hapless shepherd where:
 In vain each hill, in vain each dale,
 Each dell, each brake he travers'd round;
 Each pathless wood and flow'ry vale,
 But not one lambkin could be found.

Celia, he cry'd, my flocks are fled,
 How shall I e'er thy grief assuage?
 How shall I cheer thy drooping head,
 If poverty should mark my age?
 Said she, My love, misfortune's dart
 Is pointed, and is spent in vain;
 While I possess my shepherd's heart,
 I laugh at ills, and smile at pain.

Tho' ev'ry lambkin devious stray,
 And grace our envious neighbours fields,
 Nought can thy Celia's soul dismay,
 While Strephon to her breast she holds;
 Said he, My warmest thanks, O take,
 Hence shalt thou be my only care;
 If I thy virtues e'er forsake,
 May heav'n regardless hear my pray'r.

If from thy lovely form mine eyes
 Should swerve but in the least degree,
 Thy dear idea will arise,
 And lead the wand'rer back to thee.

Thus

Thus long they liv'd, and long they lov'd,
 And oft I've heard the story told ;
 Kind heav'n their fortitude approv'd,
 And amply fill'd the shepherd's fold.

S O N G CCCXXVI.

A HINT to the FAIR SEX.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

LAST May-day I rambled the meadows
 along,

To hear the sweet linnets and goldfinch's song ;
 When just by the close-shaded jessamine grove,
 I met with young Phillis, the goddess of love :
 Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a smile,
 I ask'd the dear nymph if she'd tarry awhile ;
 O ! no, she reply'd ; therefore leave me, I pray,
 For here 'tis unsafe for a maiden to stay.

Dear Phillis, I cry'd, don't refuse my request,
 Of all nymphs in the village, 'tis you I love
 best ;

Then why be afraid with your shepherd to go
 To the jessamine bower ? Still she answer'd, No,
 no.

You men are deceivers, and love to ensnare,
 And my mother oft told me of men to beware :
 No longer persuade me, pursue your own way,
 For here 'tis unsafe for a maiden to stay.

Lord bless me, cry'd I, you're of late grown a
 prude, [rude ?

Do you think, my dear girl, I'll attempt to be
 'Tis the season for love ; to the grove let's along,
 Where I'll tell you a tale, or I'll sing you a song ;

Prithee, Damon, she cry'd, don't attempt to persuade,
 Or by cunning beguile a poor innocent maid ;
 The grove may have charms, now the season is
 gay,
 But there 'tis unsafe for a maiden to stay.

Well pleas'd with her virtue, I tenderly cry'd,
 Have nothing to fear. for I'll make you my bride,
 For long I've beheld you the girl to my mind ;
 Then to church let us go—and my Phillis be
 kind.

My tale, O ye fair, is a lesson for you,
 'Tis marriage alone that will prove the swain
 true ;
 If before to the grove you're too easily won,
 The swain may be false, and the maiden un-
 done.

S O N G CCCXXVII.

MUSIC, LOVE, and WINE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

IF music can charm, and if love can invite,
 No less, rosy Bacchus, thou giv'st me delight ;
 I love them, 'tis true ; but my bottle, I swear,
 Is at once my best friend, and physician of care.
 But would a gay mortal taste rapture divine,
 Apollo and Venus with Bacchus must join.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXVIII.

The DOUBTFUL LOVER.

A favourite Scotch Ballad.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Potter.

L O V E asserts his pow'rful reign,
Like a tyrant owns his sway ;
Love, tho' sweet, oft gives us pain,
Sometimes sad, and sometimes gay :
Since the age of sweet sixteen,
When the men do most adore ;
I to love a slave have been,
Kiss'd and courted o'er and o'er.

Jockey is a bonny swain,
And has stol'n my heart away ;
Still I feel an anxious pain,
If he's absent but a day :
But whene'er the blooming boy
Comes at night upon the green,
Then my heart is fill'd with joy,
Then I'm happy as a queen.

When the charmer talks of love,
Doubts and fears disturb my breast ;
Should he e'er inconstant prove,
This poor heart will ne'er have rest :
He of late is fonder grown,
And has sworn to love for life ;
If he'll take me for his own,
I must be young Jockey's wife.

S O N G ECCXXIX.

The PRUDENT SHEPHERDESS.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

AS I went to the wake that is held on the
 green,
 I met with young Phœbe, as blithe as a queen ;
 A form so divine might an Anchoret move,
 And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten with
 love .

So I ask'd for a kiss, but she blushing reply'd,
 Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be deny'd.

Lovely Phœbe, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy,
 I vow I will kiss you—here's no body by ;
 No matter for that, she reply'd, 'tis the same,
 For know, silly shepherd, I value my fame :
 So pray let me go, I shall surely be miss'd ;
 Besides, I'm resolv'd that I will not be kiss'd.

Lord bless me ! I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you re-
 fuse,
 A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse ;
 The month it is May, and the season for love,
 So come, my dear girl, to the wake let us rove :
 No, Damon, she cry'd, I must first be your wife ;
 For now as you court me you'll love me for life.

Well, come then, I cry'd, to the church let us go,
 But after, dear Phœbe must never say no.
 Do you prove but true (she reply'd) you shall find
 I'll ever be constant, good-humour'd and kind.
 So I kiss when I please, for she ne'er says she
 won't,
 And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXX.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Smith.

SONS of ease, be blithe and gay,
Lull the cares of life away ;
Fly to peaceful whispering groves,
To the graces and the loves.

But my soul disdains the joys,
Pants for deeds of deathless noise :
Love and wine wou'd court my stay,
Glory calls, and I obey.

Softer pleasures I disclaim,
Welcome honour, welcome fame !
Meaner objects I resign,
But be vast ambition mine !

S O N G CCCXXXI.

The IMPRUDENT SHEPHERDESS. A Ballad.

Sung by Mrs. Weischel. Set by Mr. A. Fisher.

YE blithest lads, and lasses gay,
Come listen to my tale :
As I one evening sleeping lay,
Within the flow'ry vale.
Young Strephon passing thro' the mead,
By chance did me espy,
He took his bonnet off his head,
And gently sat down by.

The

The swain, tho' I most dearly priz'd,
 Yet now I would not know,
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strove away to go :
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And at my feet did lye ;
 His beating heart it thump'd so fast,
 I thought the lad would die.

But still resolving to deny,
 (The surer him to gain).
 I bid the love-sick shepherd fly,
 In words of high disdain.
 He left me, never to return,
 And to young Jenny flew ;
 While I my folly daily mourn,
 For slighting one so true.

S O N G CCCXXXII.

PHILLIS. *A new Song.*

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

A Youth, whom the bounty of nature had grac'd
 With elegance, ease, and refinement of taste,
 Resolv'd by the precepts of wisdom to move,
 And early proclaim'd a defiance with love :
 He swore 'twas all weakness to sigh, with or care,
 Yet own'd, with great frankness, that Phillis was
 fair.

The virgin was piqu'd at the infidel's boast,
 And vow'd her revenge with the air of a toast ;
 Not that all he had said could her passions per-
 plex, [sex:
 But the confident thing had attack'd the whole
 Her

Her charms then for conquest she 'gan to prepare,
And smil'd, when she heard him say, Phillis was
fair.

To learning, for refuge and comfort he ran,
To learning—the bus'ness and pleasure of man ;
But Phillis disturb'd all the authors he read,
While she glanc'd by his study, and nodded her
head :

The labours of ages soon vanish'd in air,
No idea remain'd, save, that Phillis was fair.

To glory he fancy'd the passion must yield,
And a vot'ry of glory he sprung to the field ;
But under his breast-plate the little god's dart
Convey'd ev'ry moment a hint to his heart ;
And forc'd him to own, in a fit of despair,
That he bled but to prove, that his Phillis was
fair.

To Bacchus at last he submitted his claim,
But soon was convinc'd, that wine cherish'd the
flame ;

Then to Phillis he came, all his errors confess'd,
He knelt at her feet, and begg'd to be bless'd :
The maid gave her hand with a negligent air,
And own'd she'd be kind, since he said she was
fair.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXXIII.

HEALTH. A TRIO.

Set to Music by Dr. Bach.

C H O R U S.

TAKE us in thy rosy train,
Lovely health, thou queen of joy !
Hence, unwelcome care and pain !
What can then our bliss annoy !
Health, to thee our hopes we raise,
Court thy pow'r, and sing thy praise.

A I R. Mr. Vernon.

Hark ! the brisk enliv'ning horn
Calls to fly o'er hill and dale ;
Glad we rouse the ling'ring morn,
Take new life at ev'ry gale :
Rural goddess ! deign t'appear,
All we wish will then be here.

C H O R U S.

Rural Goddess ! deign t'appear,
All we wish will then be here.

A I R. Mrs. Smith.

What the sweets of wood and plain,
Fortune's smiles, and youth, and fame ?
Thou not by, they shine in vain,
Tasteless all, an empty name :
Rural Goddess ! deign t'appear,
All we wish will then be here..

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Rural Goddess ! deign t'appear,
All we wish will then be here.

A I R. *Mrs. Weichsel.*

Sickly rest we drive away !

Wood-nymphs no, the groves we trace :
Toil shall make us brisk and gay,

Wake each charm and blooming grace :
Sickly rest we drive away,

C H O R U S.

Take us in thy rosy train,
Lovely health, &c.

S O N G CCCXXXIV.

MAY-DAY. A TRIO.

Set to Music by Mr. Worgan.

C H O R U S.

S E E, the rosy-finger'd hours
Call to ev'ry pleasing care,
Flora decks the way with flow'rs,
Melting music fills the air :
Hark ! a voice cries, Come away !
Taste the joys of sprightly May.

A I R. *Mrs. Smith.*

Now's the blissful time to rove,
Where the bubbling waters glide ;
Thro' the mead, or secret grove,
Each a mate to grace his side.

Come

Come and taste the charms of May,
Love's sweet joys begin to-day.

C H O R U S.

Come away, come away !
Taste the joys of sprightly May !

A I R. *Mr. Vernon.*

Scornful nymphs may love deride,
Dare his will to disobey ;
Soon he laughs at all their pride,
Glad they own his welcome sway :
Shout, ye nymphs and blithsome swains,
Love begins to rule the plains.

C H O R U S.

Come away, come away !
Taste the joys of sprightly May !

A I R. *Mrs. Weichsel.*

Come, ye happy rural throng,
Keep this festive month of May,
Sportive dance, and merry song,
Now shall wake and close the day ;
Haste, each smiling nymph and swain,
Love begins his gentle reign !

C H O R U S.

Come away, come away !
Taste the joys of sprightly May !

S O N G CCCXXXV.

ODE to SUMMER. A TRIO.

Set to Music by Mr. Potter.

C H O R U S.

WELCOME, vernal summer, here
Nought but mirth shall now appear ;
Music, dance, and song, and play,
Wake the morn, and crown the day.

A I R. *Mrs. Smith.*

Britain ! now with rapture-smile,
See, what charms adorn thy isle ;
Ceres' gifts are scatter'd round,
Flora decks th' enamell'd ground.

C H O R U S.

Welcome, &c.

A I R. *Mr. Vernon.*

Hark ! the birds on ev'ry spray,
How they chaunt their am'rous lay ;
Pleasure fills each warbling grove,
Ev'ry breath's the breath of love.

C H O R U S.

Welcome, &c.

A I R. *Mrs. Weichfel.*

Azure summer's gaily drest,
Waving fields with plenty blest ;
All conspire to give us joy
Let us then the gifts employ.

C H O R U S.

Welcome, &c.

U

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXXVI.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Bates.

WAS Nanny but a rural maid,
 And I her only swain,
 To tend her flocks in verdant mead,
 And on the verdant plain;
 Oh ! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
 To please my lovely maid :
 While of all sense of care we're freed,
 Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
 And rain seems in the sky,
 Then to our oaken safe retreat
 We'd both together hie !
 There I'd repeat my vows of love
 Unto my charming fair,
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart would prove
 A mind like mine sincere.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
 I'd live in rural ease ;
 Then grandeur, bustle, pride, and noise,
 Could ne'er my fancy please :
 In Nanny, ev'ry joy combines,
 With grace and blooming youth,
 Sincerity and virtue shines,
 With modesty and truth.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXXVII.

The SLIGHTED LOVER.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

L OVELY maid, fair beauty's pride,
Do not thus my bliss deny;
Cease my tender love to chide,
Why so cruel, Daphne, why?

Kindly to my wish incline,
Why will Daphne faithless prove?
Know my soul is wholly thine,
And my heart is form'd for love.

Why thus flight a faithful swain,
Who to love was ever true?
Why thus give that bosom pain,
Which so long hath sigh'd for you?

S O N G CCCXXXVIII.

A favourite Song for two Voices.

Set by Signior Gulli.

W HEN first I saw ^{thee} ~~the~~ graceful ^{maiden} ~~maid~~,
Ah me! what meant my throbbing
breast?

Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create;
And tho' you may not love again,
In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

S O N G CCCXXXIX.

SOLICITUDE. A PASTORAL.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve?
 E'er I tell you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe:
 With her mien she enamours the brave;
 With her wit she engages the free;
 With her modesty pleases the grave;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

When Celadon tries in the dance
 Some favour with Phillis to find,
 O! how with one trivial glance
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around;
 And his pipe—O may Phillis beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phillis the trophy despise;
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phillis's eyes:
 The language that flows from the heart,
 Is a stranger to Celadon's tongue;
 Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXL.

Set by Mr. Bach.

BY my sighs you may discover
What soft wishes touch my heart ;
Eyes can speak, and tell each other,
What the tongue cannot impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
Thoughts your breast may disapprove ;
But 'tis hard, and past concealing,
When we truly, fondly love.

[Da Capo.]

S O N G CCCXLI.

Sung by Mrs. Arne.

IN vain in search of quiet,
From place to place I range,
My restless cares augmenting,
No med'cine find in change ;
Delights so lately charming,
Have lost their pow'r to please,
Yet something could I find,
Methinks would give me ease.

S O N G CCCXLII.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsell. Set by Mr. Bach.

CRUEL Strephon, will you leave me,
Will you prove yourself forsworn ?
Will you leave me, cruel Strephon,
Will you prove yourself forsworn ?

U 3

Can,

Can, ah ! can you thus deceive me,
Can you treat my love with scorn ?

[*Da Capo.*]

O ! behold your Cloe pleading,
Turn and see your once-lov'd maid ;
Let soft pity interceding,
Ease a heart your vows betray'd. [*Da Capo.*]
Must I hopeless pine and languish,
Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain ?
See, he triumphs in my anguish,
See, he glories in my pain.

S O N G CCCXLIII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne. Set by Mr. Arne.

O Sawney, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to
mourn ?
Thy presence could ease me,
When neathing could please me ;
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the Burn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.
Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are
clear ;
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing ;
Yet nane of them pleases my eyne or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning ;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my sel.

Then

Then stay, my dear Sawney, nae longer away ;
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Who's living in languor till that happy day ;
 When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing
 and play.

S O N G CCCXLIV.

The THRUSH.

Sung by Mrs. Arne. Set by Mr. Arne.

SWEET thrush, that makes the vernal year
 Sweeter than Flora can appear ;
 As Philomel attends thy lay,
 She envies the return of day :
 The tuneful lyre, and swelling flute,
 At thy rich warbling shall be mute ;
 Vocal minstrel, thy soft lay
 Treasures up and ends the May.

Hark ! how the blackbird woos his love,
 The skill'd musician of the grove ;
 On thorn as perch'd he nobly sings,
 A cadence for the ear of kings,
 Sublime and soft, gay and serene,
 A virginal to hail a queen :
 Nature's music thus improves
 All the graces and the loves.

S O N G

SONG CCCXLV.

Sung by Mrs. Baddely.

MY Jockey was the blitheft lad
 That ever maiden woo'd ;
 When he appears, my heart is glad,
 For he is kind and good.
 He talks of love whene'er we meet,
 His words with rapture flow :
 Then tunes his pipe, and fings fo sweet,
 I have no pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forfakes,
 And flies to me alone ;
 At ev'ry fair, and all the wakes,
 I hear them making moan :
 He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
 And ribbands for my hair ;
 No fwain was ever half fo true,
 Or half fo kind and fair.

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If Jockey is but by,
 For I alone am all his care,
 When any danger's nigh.
 He vows to wed next Whitsunday,
 And make me blest for life ;
 Can I refuse, ye maidens, fay,
 To be young Jockey's wife ?

S O N G CCCXLVI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

HOPELESS lovers, who sue in vain,
 Whose hearts are frozen with cold disdain,
 Learn of Jockey love's pleasing art,
 To quell a beauty's insolence, and melt her
 heart :

He, like you, would sigh and pine,
 From Phœbus rise to his decline :
 I deny'd and reply'd, with scornful brow,
 Ah, Jockey, 'twill not do, pr'ythee leave me
 now.

Gazing, advancing, his eyes love darting,
 Jenny, said he,—one kiss at parting ;
 Clasping then my slender waist,
 With eager arms he me embrac'd,
 Kiss'd me, call'd on heav'n above
 To reward his constant love.

Partially I ey'd him,
 Faintly I deny'd him,
 My tongue bely'd my heart ;
 His shape, his face,
 And manly grace,
 Strongly took my lover's part ;
 I his suit approving,
 He my doubts removing,
 With ardour reply'd,
 I'll haste to bring
 The wedding ring,
 Lovely Jenny is my bride.

G Hapless lovers, mind what I sing,
 No cure for disdain like a kiss and a ring.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXLVII.

The CONFESSIO*N*.*Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
I met with young Phœbe that lives at the
mill ;

My heart leap'd with joy at so pleasing a sight,
For Phœbe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,
And swore the next morning I'd make her my
bride ;

In anger she said, Get you out of my sight,
And go to your Phillis you met here last night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, Pray explain what you
mean,

I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen,
Nor can I conceive what my Phœbe is at ;

O can't you, she cry'd—well, I love you for that.

Say, did not you meet her last night on this spot?

O Colin ! O Colin ! you can't have forgot :

I heard the whole story this morning from Mat ;

You still may deny it—I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dearest Phœbe, believe,

For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive ;

You know very well, he has ruin'd young Pat,

And sure my dear charmer must hate him for
that

Come,

Come, come, then, she cry'd, if you mean to be
 kind, [mind ;
 I'll own, 'twas to know the true state of your
 Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat,
 I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

S O N G CCCXLVIII.

The ROVER RECLAIMED.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

I Rambled about a whole twelvemonth, I vow,
 In search of a damsel for life ;
 For roving perplext me, I cannot tell how,
 So I ventur'd at last on a wife.

The girls of the town, each rake must well
 know,
 Embitter the pleasures of life ;
 For evils on evils will constantly flow,
 And make us all wish for a wife.

A mistress, 'tis true, that's youthful and gay,
 May sweeten the troubles of life,
 And while she is constant, drive sorrow away ;
 But what is all this to a wife ?

In wedlock alone true pleasures we find,
 To gild the rough passage for life ;
 Then choose out a lass with a delicate mind,
 And make the dear charmer a wife.

And you, O ye fair, be kind to the man
 Who offers to bless you for life ;
 Be constant and true, and as fond as you can ;
 For these are the charms of a wife.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXLIX.

The CASUIST.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

RECITATIVE.

WHICH is best, ye Casuists, say,
To be grave, or to be gay ?
Still to weep, and never smile,
(In the Penseroso stile)
So fit moping like a nun ;
Or to frisk it in the sun,
Where the scenes of mirth are play'd,
And the glad appointments made ?

A I R.

If the maid avoids excess,
Better sing, and dance, and dress,
And indulge the calls of youth,
While she forfeits not her truth :
Rigour and severe demean
Are not decent at sixteen ;
And the character is lost,
Study'd at good-nature's cost.

She that meditates the most,
Is not always virtue's boast ;
Nor the silent and demure,
Always peaceable and pure :
While the lively, brisk, and smart,
Have more innocence at heart,
With a little less to dread
From the mischief in their head.

S O N G

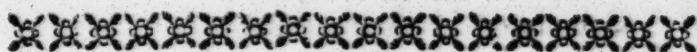
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Favourite CANTATAS, ODES, &c.

S O N G CCCLI.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA. A Cantata.

Sung by Mr. Beard. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'r-
ing shade
Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose :
'Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
Cymon a clown, who never dreamt of love,
By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring
grove ;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought :
But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd ;
And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,

Com-

Completes the rural scene,
 Completes the rural scene;
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene,
 Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts—poor Cymon trembling
 stands ;
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands :
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear ;
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rai'd, with gentle accent she replies,
 Oh, Cymon ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain ;
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with extacy pursu'd his song :

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break
 In wanton ringlets down thy neck ;
 Thy love-inspiring mien,
 Thy love-inspiring mien ;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, inchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene,
 I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense :
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gait ;

Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead ;
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire ;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate the human soul :
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
 Had made our lives of too long date ;
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 Blest with beauty, and with love,
 We taste what angels do above,
 What angels do above.

S O N G CCCLII.

The DUST-CART. A Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

AS tinkering Tom thro' streets his trade did
 cry,
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by ;
 In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich cinders round her lovely waist ;
 Tom with up-lifted hands th' occasion blest,
 And thus in soothing strains the nymph address.

A I R.

Oh Sylvia, while you drive your carts,
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
 You take our dust, and steal our hearts.

That

That mine is gone, alas ! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you,
And dwells, &c.

Oh, lovely Sylvia, ease my pain,
Give me the heart you stole again,
Give me my heart, out of your cart,
Give me my heart you stole again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about ;
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as sloe,
And look'd disdain on little folks below :
To Tom she nodded as the cart drove on,
And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop,
John.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry crowd oppress ?
Ambition now my soul does fire,
The youths shall languish and admire ;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride, long to ride, long to ride,
in my dust-cart.
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

S O N G CCCLIII.

The ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.

A Cantata, taken from a celebrated Print of the ingenious Mr. Hogarth.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 Where sad despair and famine ever dwells,
 A meagre Frenchman, Madam Grandfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took ;
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
 Good Father Dominick by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd :
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the Knight address'd.

A I R.

(*A lovely lass to a friar came, &c.*)
 Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy ;
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.
 Renown'd Sir Loin, oft-times decreed
 The theme of English ballad ;
 On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate ;
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frogs and fallad !

RE-

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd foldier, very pale and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

A I R.

(*Foot's Minuet.*)

Ah, sacre Dieu ! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ?
 Begar, it is de roast beef from Londre ;
 Oh ! grant to me von letel bite.
 But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies ;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread,
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd ;

A I R.

(*Ellen a Roon.*)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy, that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.

While

While here I remain, my life's not worth a far-
thing,

Ah, hard-hearted Loui !

Why did I come to ye ?

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me
from starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard-by poor Sawney sate,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside :
With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his
case :

A I R.

(The Broom of Cowden knows.)

How hard, O Sawney ! is thy lot,
Who was so blithe of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great !
O the beef ! the bonny beef,
When roasted nice and brown ;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down !

Ah, Charley ! hadst thou not been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
I woeld the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see ! my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite ;
Where

Where smiling freedom guards great George's
 throne, [known.
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains shall ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
 Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
 He boasted his size he could quickly attain.
 O the roast beef of Old England,
 And O the Old English roast beef.

Thus eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
 Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old
 dame,
 Cry'd, " Son, to attempt it you're surely to
 blame."

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
 An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
 'Till swelling and straining too hard made him
 burst,

O the roast beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear ;
 The Ox is Old England, the Frog is Monsieur,
 Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.
 O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
 To see the Sir Loins smoking hot on our table,
 The French may e'en burst like the frog in the
 table.

O the roast beef of Old England,
 And O the Old English roast beef.

SONG

S O N G CCCLIV.

An ODE for the LORD-MAYOR'S DAY.

RECITATIVE.

BRITONS, attend : I sing, in merry lay,
The feats achiev'd upon a Lord-Mayor's
day :
What surfeits caught, what feeling when they
dine :
What sober citizens get drunk by nine ;
What sights are seen ; what rattling, fufs and
noise,
Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls, and boys,
Who streets, bulks, windows, tops of houses
throng,
To view his Lordship pass in state along.

A I R.

(O London is a fine town !)

Oh ! Lord-Mayor's show, so brave and gay,
Does honour to the city ;
And old and young, and rich and poor,
Must own 'tis vastly pretty,
To see the gilded coach and fix,
And man in armour ride,
In pomp and splendor, from Guildhall
Unto the water-side.
And when in barges closely pent,
Such plenty of good cheer ;
What pity 'tis so fine a sight
Should come but once a year !
Oh ! Lord-Mayor's show, &c.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

The bustle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,
 The mob dispers'd, To dinner's all the cry.
 With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls,
 The starv'd mechanicks seek their diff'rent halls;
 At the full-groaning board each takes his seat,
 With brandish'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

A I R.

(Ghosts of ev'ry occupation, &c.)

Cits of ev'ry occupation,
 Ev'ry age, awd ev'ry station,
 Parsons, justices of quorum,
 All with napkins tuck'd before 'em,
 Prefs to have the'r plates fill'd first.

With the victuals here such work is,
 Snatching turtles, geese and turkies,
 Hares with puddings in their bellies,
 Cheefecakes, custards, tarts and jellies :

Bawling, swearing,
 Cutting, tearing,
 Sweating, puffing,
 Licking, stuffing,
 Just as if they all would burst.

RECITATIVE.

Their prowess now in eating having prov'd,
 The dishes empty'd, and the cloth remov'd ;
 Again the table smiles with wine and ale,
 And toasts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail ;
 Some talk, some laugh, some smoak, some snoring lie,
 And some with jovial songs old care defy.

A I R.

A I R.

(Come hither, my country 'squire, &c.)

Come fill the glass to the brink,
Brisk wine soon away sorrow drives:
Like cowards ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink
Confusion to bailiffs and wives.

C H O R U S.

Such foaking, such smoaking, and joking,
Such guzzling here you see;
The buck and furr'd gown together sit down,
And all are good company.
To enjoy life while we may,
I'll prove from the scripture is right;
Old Lot us'd, they say, to fuddle all day,
And lie with his doxey at night.

C H O R U S.

Such foaking, such smoaking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But soon the luscious grape too potent grows;
Mirth and good-humour turn to words and
blows;
Now Rogue and Cuckold thro' the hall resound,
And wigs, and canes, and cravats strew the
ground;
Till bright Aurora rears her rosy head;
And bids the noisy crew reel home to bed.

A I R.

(There was a jovial Beggar, &c.)

Let heroes, both by land and sea,
Their deeds in battle boast;

They

They only fame acquire now,
Who eat and drink the most.
Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go,
Then a guttling we will go.

In story we are told, of one
An ox slew with his fist ;
Then at a meal he eat him up ;
Gods ! what a glorious twist !
Then a guttling, &c.

If then good eating's so renown'd,
Be this each Briton's pray'r,
" God blefs the Court of Aldermen,
" The Sheriffs and Lord-Mayor,
" When a guttling they do go, do go, do go,
" When a guttling they do go."

S O N G CCCLV.

CUPID AND CHLOE.

RECITATIVE.

TO deck her bosom Chloe chose,
Before all flowers, the blushing rose ;
It made her breasts more lovely show,
And added whiteness to their snow.
The tender nymph, herself a bud,
So much already—understood.

A I R.

But once, blest'd hour ! she went to see
The produce of the fav'rite tree,
A large and tempting rose she found,
Which spread its perfumes all around ;
It seem'd to court the virgin's hand,
The virgin did not long withstand,

Y

She

She pluck'd—but, O! a sudden pain
 Made her release the stalk again :
 The wound appear'd, her finger bled,
 And stain'd the rose with guilty red.
 The nymph, with pain and anger mov'd,
 Began to hate what once she lov'd ;
 She sigh'd, she wept, and stamp'd and swore
 She'd touch the odious tree no more.

RECITATIVE.

When forth a little Cupid came,
 T'appease the crying, angry dame ;
 The angry nymph the god perceives,
 Struggling, through th'intangling leaves ;
 When, from his fragrant ambuscade,
 He thus accosts the weeping maid.

A I R.

Cease, Chloe, cease, and do not cry,
 Nor blame the harmless tree—'twas I.
 'Twas I that caus'd the little pain,
 And I will make it well again.
 My mother bade me do't, and said
 This herb would cure the suff'ring maid :
 Let it but to the place be bound,
 'Twill stop the blood, and heal the wound.

RECITATIVE.

But, Chloe, if so small a dart,
 Can in the finger give such smart,
 What, Madam, if I'd pierc'd your heart ?
 Cease then to scorn my pow'r ; and know,
 By what I've done, what I can do.
 Here he assum'd an awful look,
 He nodded thrice, his locks he shook,
 And mimick'd Jove in all he spoke.

With

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With strenuous arm he twang'd his bow,
 He shew'd her all his quiver too ;
 This, says the god—and this, the dart,
 That wounded such and such a heart.
 The virgin saw, admir'd, believ'd, and bow'd—
 The god, with smiles, receiv'd the adoration
 which she paid,
 And wav'd his purple wings, and left the won-
 d'ring maid.

A I R.

My Chloe still can shew the scar,
 And boasts the god's peculiar care ;
 She loves, and is belov'd again,
 Secure of pleasure, free from pain.
 I've seen the rose adorn'd with blood,
 Which from my Chloe's finger flow'd ;
 I've seen the sprig where Cupid stood ;
 I saw his little fragrant nest——
 And Chloe told me all the rest. *[Da Capo.]*

S O N G CCCLVI.

The M O R N I N G.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE glitt'ring sun begins to rise
 On yonder hill, and paints the skies ;
 The lark his warbling matin sings,
 Each flow'r in all its beauty springs ;
 The village up, the shepherd tries
 His pipe, and to the woodland hies.
 Oh ! that on th' enamell'd green
 My Delia, lovely maid, were seen ;
 Fresher than the rose's bloom,
 Sweeter than the mead's perfume.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey ;
 As some lone turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with shrill echoes fill the sounding shores ;
 So I, like him, abandon'd and forlorn,
 With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along ;
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
 The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to marmur, ere I cease to love.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Nor balmy sleep to lab'ers spent with pain ;
 Nor show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me.

S O N G CCCLVII.

Set by Mr. Battishall.

R E C I T A T I V E.

TO yonder beech's friendly shade
 Repair, my Aura, lovely maid ;
 And while our lambkins frolick make,
 Thy shepherd's treasure smiling take.

A I R.

Were to my wish thy temples bound,
 How India's gems should blaze around !
 Yet wishes are but idle breath ;
 Accept, in lieu, a rosy wreath ;
 Had I proud Persia at my beck,
 What gaudy robes my fair should deck !
 But as it is, vouchsafe to wear
 What once enwrapt my fleecy care.

Of burnish'd gold, or silver fair,
 Those feet of thine should sandals bear;
 But all I have to offer now,
 The hide of Dap, the fav'rite cow.
 Said Aura—sandals, robes and crowns,
 Are slender proofs 'gainst fortune's frowns;
 We've health and ease—Is heaven scant?
 Here take my hand—we've all we want.

S O N G CCCLVIII.

BACCHUS and ARIADNE.

Set by Dr. Arne.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE faithless Theseus scarce had got on
 board,
 When Ariadne wak'd, and miss'd her lord;
 Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,
 And saw his vessel lessening to her view:
 She smote her breast, she rav'd, and tore her
 hair,
 Then in soft plaints she vented her despair.

A I R.

Ah! Theseus, Theseus, stay!
 Cease, cease, ye winds, to blow!
 Kind Neptune, cease to flow,
 Nor waft my love away!
 Ah! whither wilt thou go?
 Could I have serv'd thee so?
 Ah! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why
 You fly from her who gave thee pow'r to fly?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly god, who rules the jovial bowl,
 Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the soul,
 Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,
 And gently thus administer'd relief.

AIR.

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,
 Wipe off that falling tear ;
 Though Theseus plow the deep,
 You've still a lover here :
 I am Bacchus, god of wine,
 God of revelry and joy ;
 If Ariadne will be mine,
 Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.
 Come, Silenus, fill a cup.
 Of my choicest cordial draught ;
 Fill it, man, why fill it up ;
 'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought :
 Fill it higher, to the brink ;
 Come, my lovely mourner, drink !

RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,
 And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd :
 The potent draught, with more than magic art,
 Flew through her veins, and seiz'd her yielding
 heart :
 In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd
 And with success the jovial god was crown'd :
 While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

AIR.

Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and
 who pine,
 Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine :
 Let

Let the nymph, who's forsaken for one that's
 more fair,
 Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all
 despair;
 And let the fond youth, who would win the coy
 maid,
 Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid.
 Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part;
 Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the
 heart.

S O N G CCCLIX.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

A I R.

WHILE others barter ease for state,
 And fondly aim at growing great,
 Let me (with rosy chaplets crown'd)
 Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,
 The grape's nectareous juices quaff,
 Alternate sing, and love and laugh.
 Already see the purple juice
 Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse
 A second youth!—Again, the bowl
 With warm desires inflame the soul.

RECITATIVE.

Quickly, ah quickly! must I leave
 The joys which wine and beauty give;
 Soon must I quit my wonted mirth,
 And mingle with my parent earth,
 Where kings, divested of their state,
 With slaves sustain a common fate.

A I R.

Let then the present hour be mine,
 Blest in the joys of love and wine;
 Come, ye virgin throng, advance,
 And mingle in the sprightly dance:
 To the lyre's enchanting sound
 Nimble tread the blithsome round;
 While the genial bowl inspires
 Soft delight and gay desires.

S O N G CCCLX.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

R E C I T A T I V E.

MARCUS, the young, the noble, and the
 brave,
 To camps inur'd, and deeds of arms,
 Struck with the force of beauty's charms,
 Now falls the fair Lucinda's slave.
 No more he seeks the hostile plain,
 But to the solitary grove
 (The soft retreat of peace and love)
 In gentle murmurs breathes his pain;
 And thus, with suppliant voice, and broken
 sighs,
 The hero su'd the beauty of the skies.

A I R.

Teach a young unskilful lover
 Those soft arts that charm the fair;
 Teach me, Venus, how to move her,
 How my raging pain declare.

R E C I.

RECITATIVE.

The goddess listen'd to his pray'r,
She saw him languish and despair ;
Then downward thro' the lucid skies,
She bade her iv'ry chariot roll,
And, whilst soft pity fill'd her eyes,
Thus sooth'd the anguish of his soul.

AIR.

Be pleasant, be airy, and constantly praise
The force of her wit, and the charms of her
face ;
Commend ev'ry feature, each beauty display,
With pleasure she'll listen to all you can say :
Let her humour and taste be the road you pursue,
And the love of herself will insure her to you.

SONG CCCLXI.

A CANTATA, written by Sir Richard Steele.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the god of wine address,
Sure refuge of a wounded breast.

AIR.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid ;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and chear his heart.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly god reply'd :

AIR.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking form away :
With dauntless mien approach the fair,
The way to conquer is—to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The swain pursu'd the god's advice ;
The nymph was now no longer nice.

AIR.

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind ;
When you grow daring, we grow kind :
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

SONG CCCLXII.

A MEDLEY. *Tune* Geho Dobbin.

COME, Roger, and listen to where I have
been ;
Ize tull thee what wonderful zights I have zeen,
Such places for pastime as now bear renown,
In that famous zity call'd fair London town.
O brave London ! O sweet London !
In that famous zity, call'd fair London town.

Tune,

Ar
Th

Tune, John and Betty.

First, you must know,
 That we did go
 Into the zity ;
 And zaw, not far
 From Temple-bar
 The wax-work pretty.

Tune, I made love to Kate.

Then they carried me
 To church built by St. Paul ;
 Tho' thousands I did zee,
 'Twas bigger than 'em all :
 And up the winding stairs,
 Amaz'd, we did ascend ;
 So many, wound ! I thought
 We ne'er should zee an end :
 But how I gap'd and star'd,
 When to the top we came ;
 Had you been in my place,
 Why, you'd have done the same.

Tune, Tom loves Mary passing well.

To Guildhall next we did repair,
 That we might view the giants ;
 They told me they stood always there
 To bid the French defiance :
 That when they heard the clock strike one,
 They would come down and greet me ;
 I'cod I did not like such vun,
 I was afraid they'd eat me.

Tune, Stick a pin there.

And then to the Tower away we all stroll'd,
 The lions, the armour, and crown to behold ;
 When

When the shew-man at last bid the lassies so fair
In old Harry's pincushion stick a pin there.

Tune, *My fond shepherd of late, &c.*

Back to Westminster-Abbey we stray'd,
Where are zeen all the kings and queens
tombs ;

But I never zaw zince I was made
Such a number of deadly high rooms.
Then the organs play'd up too so fine,
What the boys sung I understood not ;
But the people in chorus did join,
That in heaven I thought I was got.

Tune, *The Attic Fire.*

At playhouse too, I did admire
A man who walk'd upon a wire,
As tho'f it was the ground ;
And then, the zails of our mill,
When mov'd, compar'd with him, stood still ;
So fast he did turn round.

Tune, *Kitty Fell.*

But now the time, alas ! was come,
When I must think of going home ;
Ah me ! unhappy clown ;
I dreamt of what I'd zeen all night,
And, early by the morning light,
I left dear London town.
Charming London ! happy London !
Adieu, dear London town !

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXIII.

TOM Ramble, a rake of true catholic hope,
Who rely'd on salvation by faith in the
Pope ;

With some qualms of contrition one morning
was taken, [reckon.
And his conscience declar'd it was high time to

His steps to a convent our gallant address'd,
To pour his transgressions in Dominic's breast ;
He tore his lac'd ruffles, disgrac'd his toupee,
He broke his couteau, and he dropp'd on his
knee.

RAKE.

O father ! lost peace to a sinner restore ;
These pieces are many, my trespasses more ;
Thus saying, a purse from his pocket he loos'd,
Which, ey'd by the Father, this answer produc'd :

FRIAR.

Son, trust our good mother, she'll always confer
Indulgence to those who're indulgent to her ;
Let indigent wretches be fear'd for their souls ;
The church has remission while you have pistoles.

RAKE.

A shepherdefs, harmless and young, I betray'd ;
I found her, ah ! wish I had left her a maid ;
This brought the repentance, this brought the
delight ; [Shaking the purse.
Take, take, holy Father, this fiend from my
sight.

Z

The

The Friar obey'd, and took charge of the booty;
 Obedience, you know, was a branch of his duty;
 So was poverty, too, but (*aurum accepit*)
 I hope you don't think his intent was to keep it.

But lest a bad tale, by its length, be made worse,
 The Friar well weighing the case—and the
 purse;
 I find not, said he, any cause of alarm;
 You instructed the ignorant—where was the
 harm?

RAKE.

The charms of a widow my soul did surprize;
 How gloomy her grief, but how bright were her
 eyes!
 No second enjoyments she swore to allow;
 I kiss'd off her tears, and, oh! cancell'd her
 vow.

FRIAR.

Mere charity, Sir, had oblig'd you to this,
 To comfort the widow, can ne'er be amiss.

RAKE.

An Hugonot's consort next fell to my share;
 In short, Sir, I ravish'd the obstinate fair:
 Her husband intruded, and fell in the strife:
 I robb'd her of her honour, and him of his life.

FRIAR.

Pish! let not such trifles your mind incommode;
 To take from the Heretic's giving to God.

RAKE.

To a beautiful nun I my love did reveal;
 She open'd her breast, and she open'd her cell:
 She open'd, O heavens! —————

FRIAR.

FRIAR.

Damnation and hell!

Mark, mark it in black, ye sacred recorders;
 What! lie with a nun, and not be in orders!

No prayers, no alms, can atone for this evil;
 Down, down to damnation, down down to the
 devil:

Tom took up his purse, and away crept the
 Monk;

One sneak'd to his gruel, and one to his punk.

*The Favourite Songs in*

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

SONG CCCLXIV.

THRO' all the employments of life,
 Each neighbour abuses his brother;
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife;
 All professions berogue one another.
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
 The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
 And the statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

SONG CCCLXV.

'TIS woman that seduces all mankind,
 By her we first were taught the wheedling
 arts;

Z 2

Her

Her very eyes can cheat ; when most she is kind,
 She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
 For her, like wolves by night we roam for prey,
 And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms ;
 For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
 And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

S O N G CCCLXVI.

I F love the virgin heart invade,
 How, like a moth, the simple maid,
 Still plays about the flame !
 If soon she be not made a wife,
 Her honour's sing'd, and then for life,
 She's—— what I dare not name.

S O N G CCCLXVII.

A Maid is like the golden ore,
 Which hath guineas intrinsical in't,
 Whose worth was never known before
 It is try'd, and impress'd in the mint.
 A wife's like a guinea in gold,
 Stamp'd with the name of her spouse ;
 Now here, now there, is bought or is sold,
 And is current in every house.

S O N G CCCLXVIII.

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
 Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolick around.

But

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
 To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet)
 There fade, and shrinks, and grows past all en-
 during,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

S O N G CCCLXIX.

I, Like a ship in storms was tost,
 Yet am afraid to put into land ;
 For, seiz'd in the port, the vessel's lost,
 Whose treasure is contraband.
 The waves are laid,
 My duty's paid,
 O joy beyond expression !
 Thus safe ashore,
 I ask no more,
 My all's in my possession.

S O N G CCCLXX.

A Fox may steal your hens, Sir,
 A whore your health and pence, Sir,
 Your daughter rob your chest, Sir,
 Your wife may steal your rest, Sir,
 A thief your goods and plate.
 But this is all but picking,
 With rest, pence, chest and chicken ;
 It ever was decreed, Sir,
 If lawyer's hand is fee'd, Sir,
 He steals your whole estate.

S O N G CCCLXXI.

THE turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Her lover dying ;
The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Laments her dove ;
Down she drops, quite spent with sighing,
Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.

S O N G CCCLXXII.

Macheath.

THE miser thus a shilling sees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay ;
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And tears 'tis gone for aye.

Polly.

The boy thus when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence flies ;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs and cries.

S O N G CCCLXXIII.

FILL ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us
With courage, love and joy ;
Women and wine should life employ,
Is there ought else on earth desirous ?
Chorus. Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXXIV.

IF the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
 The mist is dispeil'd when a woman appears ;
 Like the notes of a fiddle she sweetly, sweetly,
 Raises the spirits, and charms our ears :
 Roses and lillies her cheeks disclose,
 But her ripe lips are more sweet than those ;
 Press her,
 Caress her,
 With blisses,
 Her kisses
 Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

S O N G CCCLXXV.

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty :
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay,
 While we may
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.
 Youth's the season, &c.
 Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow.
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.
Chorus. Let us drink, &c.

S O N G CCCLXXVI.

BEfore the barn-door crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended.
Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen,
With how d'ye do, and how d'ye do,
And how d'ye do again.

S O N G CCCLXXVII.

THE gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
If they meddle, your all is in danger;
Like Gypsies, if once they can finger a fouse,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your
house,
And give your estate to a stranger.

S O N G CCCLXXVIII.

MAN may escape from rope and gun;
Nay, some have out-liv'd the doctor's pill:
Who takes a woman must be undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.
The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He that tastes woman, ruin meets

S O N G CCCLXXIX.

HOW cruel are the traytors,
Who lie and swear in jest,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and rest!

Whoever

Whoever steals a shilling,
 Through shame the guilt conceals;
 In love the perjur'd villain
 With boasts the theft reveals.

S O N G CCCLXXX.

THE first time at the looking glass
 The mother sets her daughter,
 The image strikes the smiling lass
 With self-love ever after.
 Each time she looks, she's fonder grown,
 Thinks every charm grows stronger,
 But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own,
 Can see you are not younger.

S O N G CCCLXXXI.

WHEN you censure the age,
 Be cautious and sage,
 Lest the courtiers offended should be:
 If you mention vice or bribe,
 'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
 Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

S O N G CCCLXXXII.

IF you of an office solicit your due,
 And would not have matters neglected,
 You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite
 too,
 To do what his duty directed.

Or

Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
 She too has this palpable failing,
 The perquisite softens her into consent ;
 That reason with all is prevailing.

S O N G CCCLXXXIII.

THUS when the swallow seeking prey,
 Within the fath is closely pent,
 His consort with bemoaning lay,
 Without sits pining for th' event :
 Her chatt'ring lovers all around her skim,
 She heeds them not (poor bird) her soul's with
 him.

S O N G CCCLXXXIV.

NO pow'r on earth can e'er divide
 The knot that sacred love hath ty'd ;
 When parents draw against our mind,
 The true-love's knot they faster bind.
 Oh, oh ray, oh amborah—oh on, &c.

S O N G CCCLXXXV.

WHEN young at the bar you first taught me
 to score,
 And bid me be free with my lips, and no more ;
 I was kiss'd by the parson, the 'squire, and the
 set, [got.
 When the guest was departed, the kiss was for-
 But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,
 That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the
 rest.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXXXVI.

THE modes of the court so common are
grown,

That a true friend can hardly be met ;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.

'Tis true you find
Some friends so kind,
Who'll give you good counsel themselves to
defend,

In sorrowful ditty,
They promise you pity,
But shift you for money from friend to friend.

S O N G CCCLXXXVII.

WHEN a wife's in her pout,
(As she's sometimes, no doubt)
The good husband as meek as a lamb ;
Her vapours to still,
He first grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram, poor man !
And the quieting draught is a dram.

S O N G CCCLXXXVIII.

AMONG the men coquets we find,
Who court by turns all women kind ;
And we grant all their hearts desir'd,
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXXXIX.

COME, sweet lass,
 Let's banish sorrow,
 Till to-morrow;
 Come, sweet lass,
 Let's take a chirping glass.
 Wine can clear
 The vapours of despair,
 And make us light as air;
 Then drink, and banish care.

S O N G CCCXC.

SINCE laws were made for ev'ry degree,
 To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
 I wonder we han't better company
 Upon Tyburn tree!
 But gold for law can take out the sting,
 And if rich men, like us, were to swing;
 'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
 Upon Tyburn tree!

S O N G CCCXCI.

THUS I stand like the Turk with his doxies
 around,
 From all sides their glances his passion confound;
 For black, brown and fair, his inconstancy burns,
 And the different beauties subdue him by turns:
 Each calls forth her charms, to provoke his de-
 fires;
 Tho' willing to all, with but one he retires.
 But think of this maxim, and put off your sorrow,
 The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.

S O N G CCCXCII.

YE people of England of ev'ry degree,
 Both rich and both poor, come listen to me;
 The truth I'll relate; should the S-h-n succeed
 You are certainly ruin'd, and therefore take heed
 Prevent while you may,—let it never be said,
 That England to rescue herself, was afraid!
 Arm, arm and rush forth in your country's just
 cause,
 And fight to defend your religion and laws.

Remember, brave Britons, your fathers of old,
 Priz'd their honour and liberty dearer than gold;
 Then let us true sons of our fathers appear;
 Alike faithful to guard, and still strangers to fear:
 For liberty, property bravely contest,
 And wisely consider in freedom you're blest;
 Then arm and rush forth in your country's cause
 And fight to defend your just rights and your laws.

Consider, the cause, that now calls for you aid,
 'Tis freedom, that blessing; then be not dismay'd;
 But boldly step forth, and join heart and hand
 To expel hellish tyranny from our good land.
 In virtue continue, believe me you'll find
 In that sweet content, join'd with true peace of
 mind.

Then let all unite in the glorious cause,
 And strive to preserve your life, liberties, laws.

And now to conclude my true patriot song,
 Observe what I've said, and pray don't take me
 wrong,

I'm

I'm a stranger to fear, for King George I can
fight,

And will ; when convinc'd, I've regain'd my just
right.

The laws of our country are all of them good,

'Tis a blessing, we find, they are now understood.

Then for once plead your sense, and Old Eng-
land's just cause,

And rush forth, to preserve your king, liberty,
laws.

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